

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. XLV.

MAY, 1855.

No. 5.

MY CAMPAIGN REMINISCENCES.

PAPER EIGHTH.

PART ONE.

In company with one whose name has since been eternized by the glorious termination of a brilliant though brief career, I found myself straying through the streets of Jalapa. April in that region is quite another thing from the same month in our chilly, gusty, raw climate ; quite so ! We had surveyed the fields ; had at a safe distance beheld the señoritas, like many naiads, sporting and splashing in the pellucid stream which runs through the city and winds among the orange-groves ; and then, for lack of something better to do, we were scouring the avenues and lanes.

We stopped in front of the court-yard of a building whose portal bore the inscription of 'Hospital Militar.' Perhaps we should not have brought up just at that spot, had it not been for the odd appearance of one of the prisoners-of-war, who was amusing himself by spearing flies with a pocket-knife. What nature had omitted in the adornment of his visage, art had contributed, by the aid of sword-cuts. The latter had been applied with such geometrical precision that his nose exhibited a St. George's cross ; and, lest the marks should not be plain enough, narrow strips of white sticking-plaster cemented each cut. It was impolite to smile at the ludicrous sight, but difficult to refrain from so doing. Brushing by half-a-score of Mexicans, in all sorts of military toggery, who loitered about the door-way, we entered the hospital. The wards appeared to be uncomfortably close, so great was the length. A line of beds on either side was tenanted by citizen-soldiery who had been smitten on the first day's transactions at Cerro-Gordo ; in all about one hundred and fifty. Engineers, artillery-men, cavalry, and infantry, as their distinctive dresses denoted, were mingled together. The tall bear-skin cap in one place showed that a grenadier lay there in grim repose, while the brass helmet of the cuirassier, and the shakos

of the infantry all around, showed the democratic equality to which ill-luck had reduced the various corps.

Few were sufficiently convalescent to sit up, though many, weary of the couch of anguish, twisted their bodies into all sorts of postures. War, the red destroyer, had made their frames slack and nerveless, and they pined in a prison where hope entered not. From respect to the gallants who lay helpless before us, we commiseratingly went the rounds and condoled with the sufferers. They manifested no resentment at their having been stricken down by men in our uniform, but received our visit with stoicism, and some with even cheerfulness. Poor souls! there was nothing to shed a light upon their journey to the shades of forgetfulness. For the most part they had been at La Angostura when 'Rough-and-Ready' gave such a practical lecture. In the disastrous retreat, they had to traverse the hot terrestrial oceans that served as winding-sheets for hundreds of the perishing wretches; and those who did escape the dangers that menaced them on the march, only delayed their entrance into the distended jaws of a worse fate. They were without the ministrations of kind friends to alleviate their mental and physical ailments. The intestine dissensions of that unhappy country worked as unfavorably for the poor soldiers as for the nation at large. The party of the *Polkos* squabbled with that of the *Puros*, and each had quarrels within itself. The unprincipled politicians who fostered the troubles, battered upon the spoils, instead of helping to vanquish the common enemy, leaving that sorry business to the more patriotic. Proverbial republican ingratitude was bitterly exemplified in the present case. No gentle hand was there to smooth the pillow; no affectionate caress to beguile the engloomed spirit from its dark musings; no nurses but rough mankind.

Curiosity led us to scrutinize the nature of the injuries, nearly all of which, by their torn, jagged edges, showed the course of rifle-bullets. We procured a supply of cigaritos and distributed them; a small piece of attention that was most gratefully acknowledged by the inmates, slaves as are the whole race to the habit of smoking. For the most part, they were ready to converse; and, as far as our imperfect media of intercommunication allowed, an unreserved conversation was maintained. Smaller rooms in another part of the house were appropriated to the use of officers, who were detained until a discharge on parole, or a return of health, should liberate them. We took a golden-haired captain for an Emerald-Islander, for his facial outline was of the true Milesian cut; but he vehemently protested that his family was purely Castilian. After giving the afflicted caballeros information upon various topics of interest to them, we were about to depart. I was speaking to an officer in one corner of a room, apart from his less down-cast associates in misadventure, when my friend changed color, started, turned away abruptly, and made his exit. The recognition was mutual. A carnation flush over-spread the pallid olive-complexion of the Mexican, who seemed desirous to address my friend, Captain A—. That look was imploring! Hurried steps soon brought me alongside of the fugitive, and an explanation was demanded by me and partly received.

'Why did I act so? Do not ask me; do not ask me,' he said.

'But, Sir, it was at the least very ungracious in you, and amounted almost to insult. The Mexican is at least a gentleman, and he has an absolute right to' —

'I have no apology to make,' he interrupted. 'I know my man, or I would not have committed myself so.'

'You know him! How could you know him?'

'I ought to know something about him; I shot him!' he replied, a little angrily.

'You shot him! Oh! yes; you shot him. Well, is that any reason for insulting him now, and me as well? If the thing was fair' —

'It is not worth while to multiply words. Perhaps it does seem rather strange to you, when I think of it. You know when the troops marched out of Vera Cruz and surrendered? That very fellow you seem to admire so much was one of the garrison, and was liberated on his word of honor. Now you would like to know how he came here, would n't you? Three words tell the tale. I accidentally saw him, the other day, in bad company, and shot him.' The theme was unpleasant, so we dropped it.

With other motives than the gratification of mere inquisitiveness, I on several successive days re-visited the hospital, sometimes alone, but generally in company. It is not an unprofitable investment of spare time, in camp or garrison, to occasionally trench upon the surgeon's jurisdiction; and any one who has rather a leaning toward the science of dismembering 'the house we live in,' can thus cheaply indulge in an endless variety of instructive cases. With the air of experienced disciples of a most villified and honorable profession, we made a tour through the human shambles. We saw a man whose right hand was unbound for the purpose of receiving a fresh dressing. The first joints of the fingers had been pruned by the knife. At our next visit, the second joints had been incised; and, upon our again seeing him, the knuckles were fingerless. The inexorable blade was unwilling to quit its victim. The soldier held out an arm that had been deprived of its hand; and, the day following, the fore-arm had gone too. It was horrible to witness the sight, and a dark suspicion was hinted that he was cut up piece-meal for mere practice' sake; however, the medico said something about gangrene supervening, and we must not be uncharitable. Upon our final return, we saw a disanimated form which some attendants tumbled upon a bier, and, as the sheet fell from it, we saw the man, or what remained of his body. The right arm had been removed from its socket! and under the repeated attacks nature had given way.

I did not forget to look in at the apartments of the officers; but one by one they had either rejoined their families and friends, or gone to their long home; and among the first to be removed was the person who had become to me an object of peculiar interest, from the account given of him by my friend Captain A —.

PART TWO.

IN one of the elegant churches, in which the city of Jalapa, like all other parts of the country, abounds, an imposing and deeply solemn

ceremony was going on. The rich, mellifluous swell of the organ and the voices of many fine singers united in mournful harmony, as the officials laid a bier near the altar, and a crowd of divines arranged themselves in a line on either side. Not a great many civilians honored the occasion with their presence; the auditory being principally composed of officers of either army; and the few of the citizens who had come in, slunk around as if aware of being intruders. Their indifference did not communicate itself to the military, the attendance of so many of whom argued that some brother of the profession had attained the apotheosis of the warrior. There were present three American generals, and many of the field and staff, as if upon previous notice; but many subalterns like myself had strolled in accidentally.

When the sanctimonious officials had finished their sorrowful work, a procession formed outside, and, to the dirge of one of our infantry-bands, moved toward the last house of all living. Singling out Captain A —, whose deep attention and thoughtful mien marked him out as more than a mere formal mourner, I ascertained who the distinguished person was that was thus silently lamented by his adversaries. He told me a story:

While idling along one of the retired avenues of the city, a little girl beckoned him to follow her into a mansion of more than ordinary pretensions to elegance and even luxury. Taking the invitation but as an every-day compliment, he entered the court-yard, in the centre of which a fountain darted its gemmy spray from a porcelain basin; and, allured by the fair scene that burst upon his sight, he would fain have loitered among the delightful flowers which shed their aroma around; but his childish cicerone hastened his steps to a cool room on the first story, opposite the entrance. The long windows, reaching to the floor, were wide open, affording a view of the magnificent landscape of the valley beyond; and floating up, like angel-music, were the songs of the many birds in the clear atmosphere; but otherwise, all was silent as the grave. He stopped on the threshold, not until then recollecting that he might be trespassing on the invitation of an infant. His feelings suffered quite a revulsion, as the curtain of an alcove rustled, and a man, who was spoken to by the little girl, uttered something in a hollow voice. The Captain advanced to the middle of the room, for the plaintive tone of the sick man intimated his wish that he should do so.

‘Señor, you know me?’

But for the language that the eyes and manner of the Mexican spoke, Captain A — would have instantly retreated; for he did at once recognize the man from whom he had turned with bitter aversion in the hospital — the man he had felled to the earth! It was not without some dread that he fixed his gaze upon the features that were so vividly impressed on his mind. There was some fatality about the whole matter. The dying man — for such he was — begged leave to make explanations, to throw a true light upon the transaction in which he had figured. Just as he was telling to his impatient visitor the efforts he had made to find him out, and how it was by a mere coincidence that the child had introduced him to his late foe, the door of

another room opened, and the juvenile attendant returned ; and at her heels came a lady who manifested surprise, yet affably joined in the conversation. There was a semblance of cheerfulness in the face of the lady, when turned toward the couch ; but, as she moved away out of sight of the invalid, an unmistakable air betrayed that her heart was bound up in the fate of him to whom she was linked in a holy companionship.

'She never sleeps!' said the husband, abstractedly, as the wife withdrew to prepare an emollient ; and then, recalled by the restrained demeanor of the American, he returned to his narrative. When the army capitulated on the sea-board, he, with most of his friends, was on the way home, not deeming that he could be expected to resume his sword until honorably permitted to do so by an exchange of prisoners. On the route they encountered a heavy force of their countrymen, and, despite all remonstrance, they were pressed into the service. He refused compliance with the order, and was placed under arrest, threatened with a speedy trial, a platoon, and ten paces. Joining a force then going on a reconnaissance in the vicinity of our camp, he escaped observation. Unexpectedly, a fire opened on their front. The two officers met, face to face. Both hesitated an instant ; but the American seized a rifle from one of his soldiers. The menace caused the Mexican to spring backward into a hollow ; but as he immediately afterward reappeared on the crest of a knoll, a ball from the Captain's rifle struck him, and he rolled down the declivity and disappeared. All animosity was of course at an end, at the time of the recital ; but generous as was the nature of Captain A —, he could not recur to the affair but with a feeling of abhorrence at the perfidy of the enemy.

My friend said that he had been much affected by the sequel of the narrative ; and I believe him. Every imputation of dishonor was effaced, upon the production of unimpeachable evidence that he was on his way to surrender himself to the American general in command, when his equivocal position caused the fell mishap. A concatenation of evil circumstances had ruined all his plans of preserving his honor intact. The rest is known to the reader.

We subsequently learned that the chivalrous Captain A — had warmed toward his late foe, and had even watched with him as a brother until his final dissolution. But there was another who was more than all the rest of creation ; and that was the gentle little creature, the wife of the youthful soldier. The form of woman is indisputably the most beautiful of earth's objects, that without which Nature would not have attained perfection in the highest manifestation of abstract life in a physical dress ; but how insignificant and feeble is the comparison of the perishing though beautiful mould, to the immortal spirit by which it is animated and ennobled. And a spirit that would ennoble any form was that of the wife. Beauty commands a willingly-paid homage, and the study of it is eminently beneficial to the mind, both speculatively, as a philosophical exercise, and as conducive to moral improvement ; yet the beauty which enchained the attention of the late hostile visitor, and which warmed up the kind souls who expatiated upon it, was not merely physical, but a spark of the etherial

essence that makes poor humanity seem less degraded than is usually painted. The ceaseless, unostentatious care of the wife breathed love and fidelity unto death. Her name should have been *Fidelia*. A grave old Spaniard—he who had given his house as an asylum to them—spoke of her in the hyperbolic language of his race. As the token of sorrow trembled on the impearled eye-lash, in her patient resignation, it almost seemed that an angelic messenger had alighted upon the fairest portion of the globe, to bear thence the disenthralled spirit of a noble cavalier.

It is pleasant to dwell upon such instances, which soften the harshness of the world's asperity; as the sweet little flower that blooms unblanched amid Alpine snowy desolation, reminds the traveller that life has still its charms, its better parts.

AN EPISODE.

It was the Sabbath. There were numerous indicia that such it was; for the laborer had ceased from toil; the many merry bells sent forth their aerial voices from each campanello to the devout; and all, in their holiday garb, flocked toward the sanctuary, until it was a puzzle to guess where all the ill-disposed persons had crept out of sight. While the sweet bells were emitting their joysome tintinnabulations, the music of an instrumental band floated through the air and called attention to a long procession of females in vestal array, who in dignified pomp approached. Their white garments were emblematic of a purity which, alas! did not dwell within their heaving bosoms; else my informant, an eagle-eyed *alguazil*, was extremely ignorant of his duty; and each one bent down her eyes in a modesty from which they were estranged all the rest of the year; and to atone for the short-comings of a twelve-month, each frail sister formed a part of the public exhibition, and bore in her hands a huge waxen candle. The flutes and French horns outpoured their delicious strains at the head of the holy column of march, and all but infidels and contumacious invaders from the north, stopped short in highly obsequious genuflections; for, portrayed with life-like truth, was a scene representing the Crucifixion, carried on a platform by four stout fellows, whose appearance woefully belied them if they did not ordinarily follow the avocation of 'cracksmen' on the highway.

The Host was passing! down on your marrow-bones, while ye may, ye sin-laden multitude! cry aloud for that mercy of which you all stand in such need.

It has passed. The merry salutation is given by acquaintances, the rolls of tobacco are again smoking away, until the churches for awhile drain the thoroughfares. As the services go on, the church-goers, by an easy transition-process, lay aside all solemn reflections, and insensibly glide into an intense longing for the mass and the market-fair to terminate. A band of minstrels pass the cathedral, just as the congregation has been released from piety for the remainder of the day. They are well known, even without the gay flag which is emblazoned with the name of the great amphitheatre, the 'Plazo de Toros.' The great-

est bull-fight of the season is to come off; and a ferocious animal, who has already gored three *matadores* to death — perhaps that is only a boast, however, to enhance the interest in it — is to be baited. With what joyful anticipations do all the multitudinous throng await the opening of the immense modern Coliseum, where many thousands can feast their eyes — if only once a year, so much the more ecstatic to the impoverished suburban — and revel and riot in the agonies of poor beasts; nay, be borne away into absolute bliss at the sight of a fighter disemboweled by the infuriated quadruped, maddened by the squibs and other fire-works which have set his quivering flesh on fire. How the circus would ring with the loud acclaim! how delightful it would be to see a man tossed like a cur from the horns of the mountain-bull!

But we had seen such pastime before, and then came to the conclusion that it was more like the slaughter of calves than the bold, daring affair generally represented; and preferred to retire to quarters and spend the balance of the day.

‘Something serious, for a wonder, is going on down there, any how,’ said my companion on the stone-roof of the barrack. Our towering position overlooked several private gardens, and a sort of public building, much used as a theatre, and having a spacious inclosure between the house and the ticket-office. There were long benches, and a few stools and broken chairs. Eight or ten persons had seated themselves in silent meditation, hardly ruffling their *serapes* as they puffed their *cigaritas*, and looked for the coming of others. It was a matter worthy of note, that, amid all the gayety of the day in the ‘City of the Angels,’ a select few should withdraw apart for more serious converse. The presence of two monks indicated the character of the gathering; and the subdued cast upon the faces of those who came in by ones and twos, and which ripened into absolute dejection in the case of many of them before they dispersed, though, indeed, the burning cheeks and sparkling eyes of others manifested triumph.

The hour having arrived, the ceremonies commenced. A broad padre, who monopolized the larger portion of one of the benches, made some remark which ended the suspense, and instantly flurried preparations engrossed the earnest attention of the forty or fifty who by that time had assembled. From beneath his capacious robes of black, the corpulent father drew a bag; then felt in one of his pockets, and took out a morocco-case, like that for spectacles. Opening it, he lifted out two sharp-pointed steel lancet-looking things, about three inches long; felt the points and edges, and seemed gratified with the result of his investigations. Then, untying the bag, he took out — what do you suppose? — a game-rooster, clipped and trimmed for the fight. There was going to be a cock-fight! The champion-bird, upon being liberated from his serge-prison, gave a loud, clear crow, a challenge which was thrown back from several of his kind. The steel gaffles — artificial spurs, curved like a scythe and sharp as a razor — were tied on by the clerical sportsman, and the noble bird was allowed to plume himself and shake up his short ruffled feathers.

Another game-fowl having been pitted against that of the monk, the combat began, and with it the usual excitement, and the fluttering of

the costumes of the motley crowd, more picturesque than superb. The two other reverend cock-fanciers contented themselves with betting. Loud oaths spiced the stentorian clamor which arose, as a plume-plucked cockerel staggered under the onset of the monk's bird; but as the youngster returned more cautiously to the engagement, and took off a piece of his adversary's comb, the cock-brained simpletons on either side waxed more desperate at the hazard of the game. The well-trained Chanticleer struck one of his steel-heels into the back of his juvenile antagonist, and exultingly toyed with him as he reeled toward the edge of the ring chalked on the ground; and then, as if to magnanimously spare him a death of infamy at the hands of his inflamed master, he encouraged a return in mock-pursuit. The stock of the young one rose to par value at the change in affairs, and bets ran high. Turning short, the monk's fowl gave a loud, chuckling crow of derision at the rashness and self-sufficiency of the infatuated youth; and young Mexico, who, cock-sure of a conquest, had imprudently staked their loose change on the prowess of the cockerel, now saw their champion fall dead, with his neck half-severed, and the big fellow strut about, the cock of the walk.

The affliction of the owner of the vanquished manifested itself in a doleful cock of the eyes, and speechless gestures; and he looked as if he would tear the angry wings of the victor from his sides, were it not that he dreaded the vengeance of the applauding mob, now in a fiery tumult of their national mania. My comrade took out a segar, and nicely dropped it on the head of the big monk, from which it bounded to the ground, whence it was quickly fobbed by a low fellow, who doubtless thought one of his neighbors had accidentally let it fall. The affronted monk, supposing that his next neighbor had clumsily struck him, dealt a severe blow with his fist. The other, not daring to return the compliment of the churchman, passed it along with interest, until, without provocation, half the company were assaulted. Knives were drawn, and nothing but the signal for the renewal of the fight of feathered bipeds could bring them to reason.

The affair again went on swimmingly. A half-blood rooster, although fresh, began to falter under the attack of the previous victor, when, lo! a fine large segar, a genuine *puro*, plunged into the ring, and after it plunged half-a-dozen outstretched hands. The poor starvelings, who seldom so much as smelt the perfume of a good weed, tumbled one over another, amid the howls and execrations of those who had depleted their pockets on the chance of success. The game was interrupted, and the mortality of the exultant bird of the monk anticipated by his being mashed flat to the earth.

Unwilling that the peaceful holy-day should be violated without speedy retribution following the act of desecration, my friend and myself contributed pieces of loose mortar and chips of brick and stone, which struck the heads of the crowd below. Wrangling disputes were terminated, coin waged was unclaimed for the moment, for all were in a state of anxiety to discover the unseen assailants. A temporary lull allowed them an opportunity of re-commencing their pastimes, and they had forgotten their bruises before five minutes had elapsed. With the

aid and assistance of others who had joined us on the roof, we sent down such a shower of missiles upon the ungodly throng below, that the representatives of the Church militant vied with the secular arm in going pell-mell, in the wildest confusion, out of the yard.

The many bells sounded again. The hour of evening-prayer had arrived, and all sin was laid aside for several seconds. W. H. BROWNE.

T O M A U D E .

I.

THE grace of childhood clings to thee
In thy maturing youth ;
Thy woman-looks are eloquent
With purity and truth ;
And in thy gentle mien there is
The steadfastness of RUTH.

II.

There have been locks as richly brown,
And eyes as softly bright,
And cheeks that blushed a rosier hue,
And brows as marble-white ;
But never one whose beauty stirred
The heart to more delight.

III.

Expression such as thine it was,
As beautiful and mild,
That, in the watches of the night,
Upon the painter smiled ;
Beside his canvas dreaming of
MADONNA and her child.

IV.

Thy mind is like a placid lake,
Wide open to the sky,
That mirrors in its waters all
The changing world on high ;
The sun, the stars, the wandering bird,
That slowly saileth by.

V.

We are not wholly left of heaven,
While such remain on earth,
Who from no living copies take
The image of their worth ;
But are created perfect by
The hand which gave them birth.

SIGMA.

E A R T H - B O U N D .

BY H. W. ROCKWELL.

'For man walketh in a vain shadow and disquieteth himself in vain; he heapeth up riches, and cannot tell who shall gather them.'

THOU hast no ties, O Earth! to bind the soul,
Save those which man doth for himself create,
Nor canst thou keep it from that shining goal
Toward which it springs, and mocks its earthly fate.

The voices of thy glad and beauteous things
Are ever eloquent of their decay,
And that which from thy bosom fairest springs
Gives token that 't will soonest pass away.

Yet spring's sweet resurrection comes in vain,
And autumn strews in vain her yellow leaves;
And all unheeded the sad winds complain,
For Nature, and not man, it is that grieves.

She with the same eternal lesson still
Brings the warm sun, and wakes the budding woods,
And opens the fair flowers, whose odors fill
The sweet air of her voiceless solitudes.

And when the summer with its fervid heats
Hath passed, fit emblem of man's golden noon,
She strews with faded leaves her cool retreats,
In token that he too will fade as soon!

Yet it is all in vain that we are set
These truthful lessons of our sure decay;
For that which grows most common we forget,
And put far off from us the evil day.

Amid the din of noisy marts we bind
The spirit in a bondage most accursed,
And clog with earthly gain the boundless mind,
Which with the food of angels should be nursed.

And this is human life, and this the trust
With which man holds his birth-right to the sky;
To play a few brief hours with shining dust,
Live like a fool, and in his folly — die!

Utica, (N. Y.), March, 1855.

O L D P A U L .

BY HENRY T. NILES.

OLD PAUL is dead — and who cares? No body; for old Paul was a sloven, a glutton, and a drunkard; a disgrace to his family, a laughing-stock to his neighbors, and a nuisance in society; and when he died, the world said, 'Good riddance to bad rubbish: like a beast he has lived, like a beast he has died, and let his memory perish.' Still, old Paul made a most respectable appearance, as he passed through the village on his way to the grave-yard — the most respectable he had made in it in twenty years; for, instead of that old broken-down rack-of-bones he was wont to drive in a harness tied together with tow-strings, old Paul was drawn by a stately white horse, in rich trappings; and instead of that crazy old wagon, with rickety wheels and splintered shafts, old Paul's carriage (though, for some reason, but few like to ride in it) was certainly every way respectable. Nor did I now see that poor old man, in his slovenly, old-fashioned, white surtout, and jambed-up hat, with sore, blood-shot eyes, and burning face, and long, grizzly, filthy beard; for old Paul had a driver, and rode himself inside. And instead of the crowd of rascally boys who were wont to follow him — deeming it rare sport to see humanity sunk below the brute — old Paul was followed by a long and most respectable funeral-train; (for he had many relatives, though no friends;) and they were all most respectably dressed in mourning, though in all the sable concourse that stood around the open grave, I saw not one quivering lip, or one falling tear, as the first earth-clods fell heavily upon the coffin's lid.

Old Paul's wife left him near twenty years ago, and the world excused her for it; for how, said the world, could any woman ever live with such a brute? But old Aunt Prudence shook her head at this off-hand verdict of the world, as much as to say, it was not always thus. Once he was rich, young, dashing Paul; and Polly Jones, proud and handsome as she was, met him more than half-way, if we could believe gossip fifty years ago; for he was rich, and she was poor. And, 'if the truth must be told,' said Aunt Prudence, knocking the ashes from her pipe, and lowering her voice to a confidential tone, as if afraid of being over-heard by some tenant of the grave-yard: 'if the truth must be told, they du say,' (forgetting the tongues once busy with such gossip, all except her own, had long been silent in the grave,) 'they du say that Paul married for beauty, and Polly for money; and you know — as old Billy, down at the poor-house, says — life's wagon will go hard when there's no love to grease the wheels.' Yes, gold had dazzled and blinded the one, and beauty had dazzled and blinded the other. But the honey-moon soon waned, and they woke up to the reality: the one, that the gold which inspired her day-dreams might, after all, be but the whitening of a sepulchre — the mere surface-gilding of a coarse and

brutal nature ; the other, that the beauty which had so bewitched his fancy, like frost-work glittering in moon-light, might be brilliant, and at the same time freezing cold ; that it might be but the polish on cold, dead marble — the brilliant covering of a proud, unwomanly, unsympathizing heart.

‘How shockingly they have abused them pens!’ exclaimed old Paul’s wife, the day after he was buried, on returning to the house that had been her home for more than thirty years, where her children had all been born and some of them had died. Old Paul was indeed a brute, and he was well-matched with one who, under such circumstances, could think of such paltry trash.

But three short weeks had passed, and I heard that old Paul’s wife was sick — next day, worse — and the third day, dead. And she had to pass over the same road, drawn by the same richly-caparisoned horse, in the same much-dreaded carriage, to be laid in the grave by old Paul’s side.

One day, I chanced to take a walk down by old Paul’s house. The spring was in its glory. The forests covering the hills were clad in their richest verdure. The apple-trees were in full bloom, and filled the air with fragrance, while the bees, feeding upon their blossoms, filled it with a dreamy murmur. The corn was just peeping from the ground, and the rye-fields were beginning to wave in the passing breezes. The meadows were vocal with

‘THE bobolink’s clear, thrilling strain
Of liquid sweet,’

The ground-birds were singing upon the fences, and the robins in the trees that over-hung the road. As I approached the house, I noticed horses tied by the posts, and groups of men standing about the doors, and heaps of old furniture scattered here and there, which reminded me that it was ‘auction-day.’ It was a large, old-fashioned house, with two ancient elms standing before it, spreading their gigantic branches far and wide. In their thick, damp shade the moss had been accumulating, year after year, until the whole front had grown quite green. There was a general air of dilapidation and neglect. On all sides, hanging boards, broken, rag-stuffed windows, rickety fences, and fallen gates proclaimed the habitation of the drunkard. On looking about the premises, I found every thing in conformity with the view from the road. Fields half-cultivated, fruit-trees unpruned, fences that seemed to have caught the habits of their master, and had fallen down, or were staggering to their fall ; gates hanging by one hinge, or leaning against their posts, as if in drunken meditation ; ploughs with broken handles, and carts with broken wheels, exposed to the weather ; manure, instead of making the crops look ‘lush and lusty,’ suffered to accumulate about the barns as a filthy nuisance ; the barns themselves ventilated by the loss of here and there a board ; in the shed, old Paul’s rickety wagon, and harness tethered with strings, and reins pieced out with bits of rope ; and, tied to a post, his poor old horse, apparently looking mournfully forward to his future prospects in the hands of the jockey who had just bought him for five dollars, on speculation.

'Going — going at ten cents!' I heard, in a hoarse, husky voice, as I entered the house; 'all this lot of pens, once the pride of Aunt Polly's heart — bran-new only twenty years ago! Gentlemen, will you allow property to be sacrificed in this way? Going at ten cents! Gentlemen, are you all done? Going — going — and — gone to Patrick McMurphy for ten cents!' Ten cents, then, was the public valuation of what had occupied the thoughts of old Paul's wife to the exclusion of all the memories of fifty years. The auctioneer next came to old Paul's wardrobe: 'Here, gentlemen,' said he, his red face lit up by a saro-comic look, 'here we have something nice' — holding up the old white surtout I had seen so many times — 'just the thing for one out late at night; warranted water-proof.'

'How do you know that?' said Uncle Billy, his face radiant with rum and good-humor.

'How do I know!' retorted the quick-witted auctioneer: 'why, has n't it held barrels of Deacon Smooth-face's rum? and don't you remember how the water in that froze and burst your bottle one night, while you was stopping to warm your feet by the light of the moon, over on Rabbit-Hill?'

At length the house was all cleared except one room. This room old Paul had kept locked for twenty-five years, never suffering any one to enter it but himself. During that time, strange mystery had gathered about it. A jury of neighboring gossips had more than once had the case under consideration, and, after due deliberation, aided by large imbibings of green-tea, had brought in a unanimous verdict of 'strange and very mysterious.' As no one knew any thing about it, every one felt at perfect liberty to say whatever her busy fancy might suggest. Some said it was haunted; and one cadaverous old maid, who had dried up in single blessedness until there was but little left save insatiable inquisitiveness and malicious envy, more than once cast out dark hints about a peddler who had mysteriously disappeared.

The children had caught the infection, and, if possible, avoided passing old Paul's in the dark; or, if at any time benighted, fear would add wings to their feet, and eyes to their imaginations; so that a ghost-story was almost sure to be the result, especially if old Paul's white horse chanced to be feeding under the windows. This room also seemed to possess a strange power over old Paul himself. He seldom visited it, and always left it greatly excited, and commonly in tears, and after such a visit he had been known to be sober for several weeks. This mystery, whatever it might be, was now about to be cleared up. A group of eager gossips had already gathered about the door. Expectation was on tip-toe. The door had to be forced; for old Paul had disposed of the key, and Miss Vinegar-face was of the opinion that he would gladly have carried the room itself with him to his grave. One of the shutters, which old Paul had always kept closed, was opened to let in the light of day, and with it all that mystery vanished. Instead of a haunt for the revels of the spirits of darkness, or murder-spots that 'would not out,' we found nothing but a large square room, furnished with an air of gentility and taste which even the dust of so many years could not entirely conceal, and in strange contrast with the rest

of the house, where confusion reigned in slovenly and drunken glory. I said the mystery had vanished, and with it all that coarse hilarity. Even the rollicking auctioneer was silent — his harsh features covered with a shade of thoughtful sadness. Those heartless gossips, too, stood mute, though sadly chagrined to find all their twenty-years' mystery thus 'vanishing into thin air.' More than one lip quivered, and more than one hard hand brushed away the obtrusive tear, as that dusty old room called up some touching memory from its oblivious slumber. There was one old woman who, in the midst of the bustle of the day, had seemed busy with her own thoughts, and more than once her heart had seemed full, as some little article was sold. I had noticed this, and inquired who she was. They told me her husband was once a drunkard, but had suddenly reformed and become a respectable man ; that they had been miserably poor, with a large family ; but after his reformation, became quite comfortable-livers ; and all agreed that she was as good a woman as lived this side of heaven.

As she entered this room, her feelings quite overcame her. The tears coursed each other down the deep furrows in her cheeks.

'Yes,' at length she said, 'this is Nelly's room, just as she left it. What a sweet creature that was! She was an angel to me in my poverty and sufferings! Hardly ever did a day pass without her bringing over some nice little thing for poor Willie, who was sick so long ; but he's well now, thank God! and they're both in heaven together. And then she had such a kind way of giving any thing, that it would make a brown crust taste good. It was different times in this house when she was in it, from what it has been since. I always hoped she would be the saving of poor Paul, for she could do any thing with him ; but she saved my poor husband, for he never drank a drop after she talked to him — so like an angel as she was — just before she died. He could n't mention her, till the day of his death, without crying. She was n't quite eighteen when she went away. I always told them she did n't belong to this world, but was only here on a visit. What a time that was, the day she was buried! Why, every body, all about, seemed to feel just as if it was one of their own family. I did n't see but our children felt just as bad as they did when our Katie died. Poor, sick Willie cried till it seemed as if his heart would break ; though she sent word to him, the day before she left us — for, suffering as she was, she seemed to think of every body but herself — that he must be patient, and not mind if he did suffer a good deal, and he would see her again before long. O dear! it's enough to make one want to die, just to see the dear child again. But never mind, children, I shall be along soon.'

As she uttered the last sentence, she looked steadily upward, and spoke in a confidential tone, as if she saw those loved ones on the very borders of the spirit-world, waiting impatiently for her to join them. During this simple talk of the loving old woman, if there was a dry eye in all that, a moment before, careless and jovial crowd, mine were so blinded that I could not see it ; and I felt convinced, more than I should have been by volumes of high-sounding eulogies and grave-stone panegyrics, that, from that dusty old room, nearly thirty years ago, an

angel had taken her homeward flight, and that she had since been occasionally permitted to flit, like a memory of the past, across old Paul's degraded soul, if perchance she might yet win him from the error of his ways.

But how, thought I, could such an one grow up under such circumstances? How? why, the same way the most beautiful flower grows under the cold drippings of the glacier, or

—— 'is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.'

THE DIVINE GOODNESS is so prodigal—not prodigal, but profuse—in the bestowal of His gifts, that, as there is no place in nature without its beauty, so there is none so morally waste and desolate that it does not produce some flower of paradise. There is no thick-mantling pool of depravity so stagnant that its waters are not sometimes stirred by the fluttering of an angel's wings.

J U D G E N O T H A R S H L Y .

JUDGE not harshly: kindly speak
Of thy brother, frail and weak;
For the loving, gentle tone
Often hath the erring won;
While the stern and angry word
But the depths of passion stirred.

Judge not harshly: dost thou know
All thy fellow-mortals' woe,
And the heart-corroding care
Every human breast doth bear?
No! Each soul hath secret grief,
None but HEAVEN can give relief.

Judge not harshly; for the sigh
Borne to HIM who sits on high,
And the penitential tear,
Dropped when none but GOD is near,
Are in heaven a richer gem,
Than earth's costliest diadem.

Judge not harshly; for, in love,
JESUS judges from above;
And as thou HIS grace would see,
Have HIM kindly smile on thee.
Of thy brother, frail and weak,
Judge not harshly — kindly speak.

M. H. K.

MICHIGAN: FROM A POEM 'ON THE STOCKS.'

BY L. J. BATES.

SPIRITS of the departed great! inspire
 And guide the wayward fancies of my song;
 Fill my rapt soul with pure celestial fire;
 Breathe on my lips, and bid my heart be strong;
 Grant me those powers that to my theme belong:
 The thrill of joy, the agony of fear,
 Love of the right, and hatred of the wrong,
 Lofty ambition, and a vision clear,
 And glowing hope, and love, and wit, and generous cheer!

For, from my boyhood, have I loved to woo
 To Memory's longing arms, the noble dead;
 Thus to my soul the past familiar grew;
 For, through their clearer vision have I read
 Historic lore, as some vast mirror spread
 Before the gaze of ages, wherein all
 May see their counterparts, and learn to tread
 The thorny paths of life, nor fear to fall,
 Where others turned aside, betrayed by error's call.

For life is now as it hath ever been:
 Bright hopes, high aspirations, pointing still
 To broader triumphs than the past hath seen,
 And clearer visions of the Eternal Will!
 But, ah! how few that climb the weary hill,
 Leading to fame, e'er reach the destined height!
 How few the promise of their youth fulfil!
 How many, fainting in the unequal flight,
 Just rise to see the top, and perish with the sight!

All hearts are houses that the gods have built;
 And some are grand old mansions, in whose halls
 Are white-winged angels, quaintly carved and gilt,
 And hung with antique pictures, on whose walls,
 With mellowed glory the slant sunshine falls;
 Where phantom thoughts, that glide with noiseless feet,
 Like dainty shadows, flit where pleasure calls;
 Or memory wakes a strain so wondrous sweet,
 Entranced around her lute the joyous fancies meet.

Some hearts there be like castles hoar and old,
 Where childish pleasures gathered long ago,
 Knightly Ambition in his strongest hold,
 And warden Honor, watching stern and lone,
 Holding the lives of all within his own;
 And gloomy dungeons, where the dust of time,
 And cobwebs of deceit o'ergrow the walls,
 Yet bare, and rough, and damp, and dark with grime.
 And mould of pride, and vermin crawling in their slime.

Be mine a temple, and my soul the shrine,
 Whereon I offer up my brightest years,
 My life's best hopes and love. Ye powers divine!
 Accept and bless the offering, and the tears
 Of him who trembling gives, with many fears;
 And wheresoe'er my foot-steps chance to roam,
 Where Mackinaw her craggy front uprears,
 By blue St. CLAIR, or dark St. MARY's foam,
 Bid every hearth a welcome grant, and every heart a home.

Land of broad lakes, and many a clear blue stream,
 In which the very heavens seem proud to gleam,
 So bright, so clear, so tender is their gleam,
 When glance the stars adown some wild-wood pass;
 Like lovers stooping o'er a forest lass,
 Or stately sires that bend with blessings mild,
 The trees lean toward them, and their shadows cast
 Free and afar, fantastic, weird, and wild,
 Seem kisses of the gods bestowed on Nature's loveliest child.

How often on their bosom have I played,
 Rocked by the surges, as a child might sleep
 Within its mother's arms, all undismayed,
 Feeling her heart, as I have felt the deep
 Heaving beneath me, as it fain would keep,
 And yet betrayed some secret source of bliss,
 As round the prow the sportive wavelets sweep,
 Or greet the swimmer with a joyous kiss.
 Fairest of seas, Lake Michigan, I hail thee first in this!

Nor less I love thy forests, thou dear land,
 Whose giant trunks, in savage majesty,
 Challenge the world for equals, and command,
 By their own freedom, man to be as free!
 Stretching in one broad belt from sea to sea,
 Like some vast scroll whereon the fates have set,
 With nature's grandest seal, their blest decree,
 While these, their emblems, in the land are met,
 Strength, grandeur, honor, growth, and joy are given thee yet.

'The groves were God's first temples,' and the hills
 His earliest altars, whereon hath been cast
 Their holiest libations, the pure rills,
 Flowing eternally while time shall last,
 Till earth regain the glory of her past;
 And singing, as they flow, a hymn of praise;
 Their yearly offerings the tribute vast
 Of forest fruits; that man might learn to raise
 His voice with theirs, and consecrate his days.

Who hath not felt, until his heart grew still,
 In these dim aisles of utter loneliness,
 The hush of awe, the sinking sense of ill,
 The rising good within his soul confess
 That here at least there is a power to bless?
 And virtue is not all an idle tale,
 Nor vain all earthly hope of happiness;
 For wrong and sorrow may not here prevail,
 Where hope upsprings in flowers, and freedom scents the gale!

CHINESE LETTERS.

BY FAN-KUI.

LETTER THE SECOND.

China, 18—.

MY DEAR NED: A two-days' sojourn at Macao was amply sufficient to satisfy the curiosity of the most eager sight-seer in our vessel, and none of us were sorry, I think, when a 'jack at the fore' announced the commodore's desire for a pilot. I wish you could have seen the individual who responded to the summons. A more self-possessed specimen of the *genus homo* my eyes never rested upon. In fact he had so much the air of a 'monarch of all he surveyed,' that I began at once to debate within myself the probability of my uncle (whose name is Sam) having sold or made a present of the steamer to his 'big brother' of China, 'who is,' said I to myself, 'now standing beside me, calmly and composedly taking a view of his property.' The more I revolved this idea in my mind, the more plausible, from the man's manner, it appeared, until at length I became so thoroughly impressed with the conviction that I was actually within the 'illumination of the presence,' that I fell prostrate on the deck, with the intention of imitating Van Braam and his Dutchmen in the performance of the *ko-tow*; but as I raised my head, preparatory to thumping it nine times against the planks, a glance at the habiliments of the celestial reassured me, for although I entertain not a shadow of doubt of the emperor's being 'an imperfect man,'* as he styles himself, yet I could not think so hard of him as to suppose he could be so lost to all sense of delicacy and decency as to sally forth beyond the precincts of the 'outer-gate' in blue cotton shirt and drawers,† which, with the addition of an umbrella-shaped hat, made up the entire costume of the stranger beside me. I was on my feet in a trice, and feeling, like the French beggar whom John Bull kicked from the door, 'vary moosh in-jare in my cha-rac-ter, and con-sid-er-a-bly con-fuse in my mind,' I muttered a few words about the difficulty of keeping one's feet 'in this cursed land-swell,' etc., etc., but I found, to my mortification, that the fellow either did not or would not understand me, and seemed to regard my performance as a very proper mark of respect from a 'second-chop Englishman,'‡ to one who enjoyed the felicity of having been born in the 'Middle Kingdom.'§

To do him justice, however, a better pilot I never met with. He

* THE sovereign, in styling himself, uses occasionally such a term of affected humility as 'the imperfect man.'—DAVIS.

† THE ordinary dress of men among the laboring classes consists in summer of only a pair of loose cotton trousers, tied round the middle, and a shirt or smock, equally loose, hanging over it.

‡ BARROW, who probably lost an uncle at Bunker-Hill or Yorktown, says, in his 'Travels in China,' 'The Americans are called at Canton *second-chop Englishmen*, and even this distinction I understand they have nearly forfeited in the minds of the Chinese.'

§ LA denomination nationale que les Chinois, eux-memes donnent a leur empire est Tcheoung-Koue, Royaume du milieu.—PANTHER.

was as cool and collected on the deck of our twenty-seven hundred ton steamer, as if he were piloting a mere fishing-smack. In crossing the bar at the entrance of Canton river, our keel scraped the bottom once or twice rather roughly, whereupon I exclaimed, 'Shoal water, pilot!' 'Water plenty; legs too muchee,' replied he coolly. This was perfectly in keeping with the Chinese character. The river belonging to China, no defect could possibly be found in it, but is there any resisting the mandates of 'Ten-Wang,* or should perfection be looked for in the hull of a barbarian 'smoke-ship?' Of course her legs were too 'muchee.' What right had she to draw so much water? 'How fast can makee walkee?' said he, pointing to the wheels. 'Thirteen miles an hour.' 'China vessel twenty-seven!' cried he instantler; he had evidently never heard the story of Ananias and Sapphira. 'Englishman,' he continued, 'tellee my, too muchee boat all same this boat in he country? My thinker that one lie pigeon, can see, can savee.' Let me call your attention for a few moments, my dear Ned, to these last words, *can see, can savee*; † for there is a deal of meaning and much more philosophy in them than would appear at first sight. The Chinese are eminently a matter-of-fact people, always preferring the evidence of their own senses to the testimony, whether written or oral, of any person or number of persons whatsoever. Should, for example, an American or English merchant, in his anxiety to dispose of his wares to a *mai-mai-gin*, or store-keeper of Canton, display the eloquence of a Webster or a Burke, in a panegyric upon them of a day's duration, he would be listened to, even unto the end thereof, with all the seeming attention possible, but would invariably be met with the response, 'Can see, can savee,' that is, let me see your goods, and I can judge of them for myself; or, if this were not practicable, John Chinaman, as the sailors call him, would insist upon security against fraud. This principle, it would seem, is extended even to matters appertaining to the land of spirits; for some short time since, after a missionary of the Methodist persuasion had concluded a lengthy discourse, in which he promised his hearers all sorts of joys in the next world, if they would but embrace Christianity in this, an old Chinaman, who had been listening most attentively to every word that escaped from the preacher's lips, stepped forth from the congregation and said gravely: 'You can secure all that thing you have promise, my makee one piecee Christian too.'

To return to our subject: our pilot having once opened the 'flood-gates of speech,' seemed not at all inclined to close them in a hurry. He related to me many occurrences of his life, and closed the narrative with an account of an English brig, which a few days before, while he was piloting her from Hong-Kong to Whampoa, had lost several of her spars and sails, owing to the fool-hardiness of the master. His own words were: 'My say, 'Captain, mae better take in top-gallant sail.' He speakee: 'What for take in top-gallant sail?' 'Tae-foong ‡ directly.' So he take in top-gallant sail. One time more my say: 'Captain, more

* TEN-WANG, king of hell.

† Savee, borrowed from Portuguese.

‡ Tae-Foong, strong wind.

better take in top-sail.' 'What for take in top-sail?' 'Tae-foong directly.' He speakee sharp now: 'Pilot one fool! Set top-sail; set top-gallant-sail; set royal.' Tae-foong tru-ly now. 'Way go top-sail; 'way go top-gallant-sail; 'way go every thing! My no fool; captain he one dampcool!'

Wishing to go slow as we approached the anchorage off Whampoa, he desired the first lieutenant 'to make the engine sick,' and when we had reached our berth, he cried, 'Now kill he dead,' which reasonable request being complied with, the starboard anchor was let go, and our trusty Palinurus took his departure.

Among the incidents connected with our stay at Whampoa, not the least important was the imprisonment, by the Chinese, of Samuel Taskar, a native American from the Emerald Isle. The appeal which he made to our patriotism and valor on this eventful occasion, and especially that part of it in which, piling up the agony to its highest pitch, he earnestly beseeches us not to suffer him to be dragged from his 'culars,' reminds one forcibly of the soul-stirring passages of Tacitus and Mendoza. Here follows a true copy, the orthography, syntax, and punctuation of it being the exclusive property of that Samuel Taskar, whose ship's number * was three hundred and fifty-two:

'breave amaricans on Bord of the U. S. Steem Frigit — I Samuel Taskar have Bin so onfortunate as to git in Prisin on bamboo town, † and have Bin here confined ever sence Munday last I am sick and have don nothing to Be confind here if there is one spark of fealing to Words a true Amarican dont let me be draged from my culars was Born onder the Star Spangle Banor and ma it for ever stand Nothing more but my true hart remains with you all

'SAMUEL TASKAR O Seaman Ships No 352.'

Immediately upon reading Samuel's dispatch, the commodore took the requisite measures to procure his release, not being at all willing that the 'Banor' which flies at our peak should be deprived of one of its most glorious defenders. Upon his arrival on board, which was just at night-fall, he was met at the gangway by a deputation of admiring fore-castle-men, who, hurrying him forward, began eagerly questioning him as to his adventures among 'them long-tail buggers.' In reply, he stated, among other curious facts, that he had been carried in a glass-cage to a magnificent palace, constructed entirely of diamonds and other precious stones, and that he had actually had an interview with the great emperor himself, 'who was seated at the time upon a mat made of tanned human hides, and clad from head to foot in garments woven entirely from the feathers of the peacock's tail.' He described him as 'a man about ten or twelve feet tall, having a queue on him as thick as the main-yard, and as long as the main-top-bowline, which was coiled away like the stream-cable.' He had also seen many mandarins and coolies, numbering in all, 'he should think,' about twenty thousand,

* Each man on board a man-of-war has a number opposite to his name on the purser's books, which is called his ship's number.

† A small village near Whampoa, built on piles in the river.

sticking their heads in the sand to avert the fury of a violent typhoon, which had actually carried into the air, 'as he saw with his own eyes,' a dozen or more troopers, with their horses and accoutrements; 'these last,' he considerably added, 'were not very weighty, to be sure, consisting principally of chop-sticks.' A debate now ensuing upon typhoons in general, various opinions were hazarded, but one Lawrence carried off the palm of scientific attainments by ably demonstrating that they were entirely owing to the noxious influence of the *aurora-borealis*, 'which in these latitudes,' he observed, 'was in frightful proximity to our spear.' After conversing an hour or more on this subject, he digressed somewhat by stating to the assembled company the interesting fact that his father and mother were both Virginians, but 'as to who their posterity was, he did n't know, and did n't care a damn! I aint none of your oratorios,' he went on to say, 'like John Randolph and Partrick Henry; but I'm a man of honor, I am, and that's more than either of them war. Whar was John Randolph's honor, I want to know, when he led poor Pocahontas to the throne of George IV. and says he, 'Here's a mistress for you,' says he. And as for Par ——' Whatever awful disclosure he was about to make about the great Henry was fortunately cut short, however, by the presence of the master-at-arms, who threatened to confine the speaker in the 'brig' * if he made any more noise, whereupon the 'Virginian' made the best of his way to his hammock, his unsteady gait in so doing giving abundant proof of his having partaken of something 'stronger than exercise.'

This fellow, by the way, is a perfect original. Although 'as ardent as a Southern sun could make him,' he has a most sovereign contempt for all descriptions of 'book-larning,' frequently boasting that he 'ne'er could pen a line.' I sailed with him some years ago in a frigate, where he held the responsible situation of cabin pantry-boy; and I shall never forget being seated one day on the half-deck, † when a Lisbonese gentleman, politely taking off his hat to the pantry-boy, asked him some question in Portuguese. Lawrence eyed him contemptuously for the space of some five minutes, and then burst forth with, 'Just you look-er here; I do n't admire your airs and graces, and I do n't understand your foreign lingos; I speak the plain English myself, and very little of that.' ‡

No man more highly respected his commanding officer than Lawrence. In fact he was once heard to say that your presidents were some, and kings and queens not a few, but in course it stood to reason that they could n't be half so respectable or grand as the captain of a tip-top man-of-war; and yet he would 'say his say' even in the 'grand' commander's presence. I was dining one day in the cabin, when the captain, observing that the glass of one of his guests, Lady D —, was empty, said quietly to Lawrence: 'Why do you not wait on Lady D —? Pass her the champagne.' The fellow placed his arms a-kimbo, and, giving the captain a most reproachful look, replied,

* The place where prisoners are confined aboard ship is technically termed 'the brig.'

† The space on the main-deck included between the cabin and main-mast.

‡ At Southampton, England, in 1849.

with all the majesty of offended dignity : ' I 'm a helping on her to the best of my ability.' A perfect storm of laughter ensued, in which, as may be well imagined, her ladyship joined as heartily as any of us.

But the ' big drum ' * has sounded the hour of mid-night, and I am weary and sleepy, and so doubtless are you. Rest then quietly at Whampoa to-night, and to-morrow you shall accompany me in a ' fast boat ' to Canton.

FAN-KUEI.

C O U S I N H E L E N .

I.

GONE! — From out the pleasant dwelling
Which her gladsome girlhood knew,
Where the lilac-blooms and rose-leaves
Fell the open window through ;
Where I saw, and learned to love her
With affection fond and true ;
In her womanhood's bright dawn,
Cousin HELEN 's gone!

II.

Gone — but not, as in her childhood,
Out amid the hills at play,
Weaving wreaths of apple-blossoms,
Echoing the wild-bird's lay ;
Chasing butterflies and sun-beams
All the pleasant summer day,
With a foot-step like a fawn.
Cousin HELEN 's gone!

III.

Gone — but not to yonder church-yard,
Where the bending willows weep,
And cold piles of sculptured marble
Their unloving vigils keep ;
Not in DEATH's dim, silent chamber,
Have her blue eyes closed in sleep ;
Not with cold lips, white and wan,
Cousin HELEN 's gone!

IV.

Gone to yonder bustling city,
Where life's eddying currents meet ;
To a proud and stately mansion,
On a fashionable street,
In the modern style of grandeur,
Decked and garnished all complete :
With her bridal bonnet on,
Cousin HELEN 's gone!

* IN all Chinese towns the watches are sounded by a huge bell or drum.

T E L L M E A S T O R Y .

BY WILLIAM R. HART.

The lamps have not yet been lighted,
But over the quiet town,
As the first light snow of winter,
The dusk is falling down.

The lamps have not yet been lighted,
And we sit alone in the gloom,
Alone in the silence together,
In the old familiar room.

I sit on the lowly footstool
That you used to place for me;
Your hand on my head rests kindly,
And my head rests on your knee.

Tell me some simple story,
Some old and familiar tale,
That my heart for a time grow lighter,
And my cheek may be less pale:

Not such as the ancient harpers
Sung in their stormy rhyme,
Great deeds of blood and of battle,
That ring through the mists of time:

Not of the mighty heroes,
Who stalk, all gaunt and grim,
In the halls of the Middle Ages,
Shouting a battle-hymn.

I heard the clang of their armor,
And saw its shadowy gleams,
When I roamed in the star-lit midnight,
Far down in the Land of Dreams!

But to-night I am worn, and my eye-lids
Are throbbing with unshed tears;
So I long for the tales you told me
In the twilights of other years:

Some pleasant and simple story,
Of the many you told to me,
When we used to sit in the twilight,
With my head upon your knee:

Of the fairies that danced by moon-light,
Or the forester, bold ROBIN HOOD;
Or how the little birds buried
The dead babes in the wood:

Or the history, grand and ancient,
 From the Scriptural page unfold,
 Of the wandering Red-Sea pilgrims,
 Who slept in their tents of old :

Or of RUTH, who gleaned with the gleaners,
 In the distant harvest-land,
 Till her love and faith went downward
 On the ages, hand in hand.

And the sadness shall leave my spirit,
 The sadness that reason scorns,
 As the mists float up from the hill-sides,
 In the still September morns :

And the years roll softly backward,
 And my heart from their weight be free,
 While we sit in the gloom together,
 And my head rests on your knee.

T R A N S C R I P T S

FROM THE DOCKET OF A LATE SHERIFF.

BY FREDERICK L. VULTE.

DISCOUNT AND PREMIUM. I

It does me good when I meet with an old acquaintance. To look at his cheerful, good-natured face, even in imagination, wakes many a thought that otherwise would have slept unbidden 'the sleep of death.' But in the reality, how many are the recollections! I speak not of old *friends*, chained to you in the endearments of affection and memory, by rivets of jeweled gold, but of those of whom you have had a passing knowledge, a remembrance now and then, as their shadows pass from your sight, you lose the recollection of them until accident or fancy brings them to your view again.

Samuel Mellis, familiarly by his friends called Sammy Mellis, was, in a professional sense, an 'old acquaintance' of mine, if having had, time and again, numerous *attachments* for him would justify that remark. Now Sammy, notwithstanding the variety of compulsory process I had against him for years, and the frequency of suits, was never known to have pleaded payment of a debt. It was a common observation of his, when I had him 'on the hip': 'It's no use, Sheriff; this here creditor won't get any thing; I haven't got any thing for him. You can't get milk out of a stone, nor blood out of a turnip. Why do n't they let me alone? It will be like all the rest; I'll get off scot

free, mark my words. They've tried every way: I've been under discovery, bills in Chancery, and orders in proceedings supplementary to execution, and it's no use in disturbing me. They won't get any thing.'

And so it was. Not one of his creditors ever got a cent.

An 'old acquaintance,' thought I, as, in looking over my budget, I came in view of an execution against Sammy Mellis which I had received the day before. I wish I could forget you — for four hundred dollars. I have tried again and again; but the thing is impossible as long as these little remembrancers are in fashion, in the shape of *fieri facias*. I cannot forget you. And while in my thoughts, still looking at the process, I threw it on my desk and exclaimed, 'It is as you say, Mellis; there's no sense in troubling you. They won't get any thing. I'll not call upon you.' And I laid the execution by, to be called out only when occasion required, deeming that occasion ripe when it became returnable, to wit, sixty days after its receipt.

My old assistant, Thison, he of the eagle visage, was sitting by my desk during these thoughts of mine, and on hearing my exclamation, and seeing my movement to put away the process, staid my hand, and looking me in the eye with a sharpness and sagacity that implied that he was in first-rate working condition, asked me: 'Who won't get any thing? who won't you call on?'

'The plaintiffs in this execution against Sammy Mellis,' replied I, handing the paper to him.

'Let me try him, Mr. Sheriff; I can't but fail; you give me the execution, an' I guess, but I don't know, dat I'll fetch him. Something's come across my brains. I dreamed last night of money-bags.' And the old man looked at me with hesitancy pictured on his face, suspecting, no doubt, that I would interrupt him when he spoke of his dream. 'Yes, Sir, rale money-bags; rale goold eagles in 'em, too; goold bars, and pigs of goold; and something's coming out of that dream. Let me try, and if he's got any thing I'll squeeze him, and I'll get it out of him if any body can. I'm a old man, it's true; but dere's good stuff in me yit, now I tell you.'

And so there was good stuff in him, and I determined, as he was so urgent in the matter, to let him try, feeling that there might be a possibility of his collecting the amount, particularly as he was so firm a believer in dreams, and I knew he would work more shrewdly than his 'night thoughts' might be made a reality.

'You'll be here when I come back, won't you, Mr. Sheriff?' inquired he.

'That depends on how long you expect to be absent.'

'Well, Mr. Sheriff,' continued he, 'I do n't suspect to be over-long; but I guess it won't take me more 'n an hour or so; mebbe I'll be gone two hours. You see I got a good deal of head-work to chop out, and if I on'y git all right at startin', I'll come out at de end with a stiff upper lip, and den look out for a breeze. I ain't a bit afeard, but all depends 'pon a good hyst at de first pull.' At which it appeared to me, that in taking his usual pinch of snuff he had contrived to fill his nose with a spoonful. 'Yes, Sir, de first pull;' and he resumed the pushing up the

snuff into his proboscis until he had wasted all in the piece of paper he usually carried it in.

It was, as the old man had declared, that every thing depended upon a good hoist at the starting.

Thereupon I bade him be of good heart, and to work cunningly, and under no circumstances to be over-anxious.

‘Never fear me, Sir. I’m all right now. I won’t brag. You’ll see me inside of two hours, and if there’s any vartue in dreams’——

‘Stop there, Tise; stop there, that’s enough; no more. Now be off!’ and he was gone ere the words came from my lips.

My thoughts during the old man’s absence were upon his errand, and the question, ‘Would he be successful?’ was constantly submitted to my mind.

I had failed with Mellis many a time, and the thing was rated as one of the impossibilities to collect a dollar from him on any process, and here, thought I, have I permitted Thison to run after this foolish expectation of his of being able to extract ‘blood from a turnip.’ But I could not check him; his will was like hardened steel, it could not be bent. And in the matter of the service so eagerly desired by him, I felt that success with him was barely possible, provided he ‘got a good hyst at starting.’ But how to get it, and from whom, that was the sticker. I waited patiently, nevertheless, very patiently, for his return. There seemed to be a lurking devil in the old man’s eye, and as I kept on wondering how the affair would turn out, the thought of success with him got to be brighter and brighter as my mind revolved the matter. However, I finally lost the subject entirely in the very pressing demands for relief from other quarters, by parties whose all, whose very existence itself, it seemed depended upon an immediate interview with me.

It has frequently occurred to me that the Sheriff’s office is the *locale* to which every one flies for a relief from the woes and troubles of the world. The Sheriff gives relief to the creditor when he has arrested his debtor, and to the debtor arrested he gives relief by taking bail, and to the unwilling bail proposed, (if irresponsible,) certain relief from the charge by the debtor of a want of friendship, by refusing to take him as the bail. To the creditor, the plaintiff in an execution, he gives relief by collecting the amount directed to be levied as speedily as the law will allow, to wit, the sale of the defendant’s chattels ‘in six days from the time of advertising the same.’ To the defendant in an execution he gives relief by granting to him the full term of duration thereof. To the wife suing for a divorce, he gives relief by a speedy service of the summons, etc., on the delinquent husband, and to the husband suing the wife, he gives the same by as speedy a service. The injured in any respect, those whose fancied and real wrongs are unendurable, all, all fly to the sheriff for a redress of their grievances, the restorer as well as the arrested, those from whom property is detained, those whose characters have been maligned or defamed, those whose persons have been assaulted and battered, those whose characters have been libelled in a newspaper, (woe to the unfortunate printer,) in fact,

the whole body politic and impolitic, all, all rush for relief to the Sheriff from the thousand wrongs and ills that flesh is heir to.

I disposed very quickly the business of the parties waiting upon me, with the exception of one who had not informed me of his wants. He stood turning his hat, (considerably the worse for wear,) which was in his hand, over and over, inside and out, and back again, and looking at me so anxiously, that it seemed his very soul was the prompter. I gave him an encouraging look, and, addressing him, I said: 'Do you want to see me, my friend?'

'Yes, Sir, fon you bleeze.'

'Well, what have you got to say?'

'You see I haf lose mein peeg, und I will gits him once more agin.'

'What have I got to do with your pig, my friend? Have you any papers, any writ?'

I, somewhat peevishly; for I imagined this was one of the very many cases which I was constantly annoyed with by persons with whom I had no acquaintance, seeking my advice in law matters. 'Go to your attorney, your lawyer,' continued I, 'he will give you advice; this is not the place.'

'Ja-yes; but I will haf mein peeg, und here bees de babers.'

'Ah! you have the papers. Let me see them.' And he handed me two sets of papers, one set marked 'original,' and the other 'copy.' 'Take a seat, Mr. Bierhaus.' And I examined the writ to see if it was regular, and finding it to be in proper condition, I asked him if he knew where the pig was that he wished me to replevin for him.

'Ja! Ja! Ich weiss davon.'

'I suppose you do know, Mr. Bierhaus; but I want to know, too, where your pig is.'

'He bin seechs oder sieben stunde von hier.'

'Six or seven miles from here!' replied I in astonishment at the distance. 'And who has got your pig?'

'An Irisher.'

'An Irishman!' echoed I. 'And pray tell me how he became possessed of it? Did he steal your property?' for I was anxious to know that fact, because I wished to avoid his business, and advise him to commence criminal proceedings against the man for a felony.

'No; I dinks he not shtear him fon me.'

'He coaxed the animal away, then, by better feeding, perhaps?'

'No; I dinks mein peeg, he cose away by himsellef, yooost ash an onder peeg cose, und de Irisher, I dinks, he sees him, und he kits him, I dinks, und he boots him in de peeg-ben, und das ish alles wos I knows, und here ish de mark wos de peeg got on hees ear.'

'J. B. on his ear,' said I. 'Very good, Sir: Johannes Bierhaus — J. B. And you want me to go at once?'

'Nun ist de zeit.'

'Yes, now is the time, I know; but oblige me, if you please, to wait a few minutes. I want my assistant to go with me; he is better posted up in this business than I am. He'll be here pretty soon. Wait a little while.'

'Yes; Ich bin nicht in hurry.'

How thankful was I that he was not in a hurry! Every one having

dealings with me says, 'Now is the time ;' and yet they are not in a hurry. They will wait any time for my convenience, but they will be constantly pricking me up to attend to their business to the neglect of every one else.

Thison's two hours were pretty nearly closed up ; they lacked about fifteen minutes ; and I began to think that the old man's operations, whatever they were, with Mellis had failed. Time crept on and on, slowly, and surely, and steadily, but Thison came not. Time was closing, the two hours lacked but five minutes, and I exclaimed aloud, 'Behind time, Tise.' The door swung open, and in rushed the old man. 'Ha ! ha ! ha ! Glorious old fellow ! Up to time, eh ?' said I, addressing him.

'Fore time, Sir,' ejaculated he, 'fore time ; though I was hard pressed,' continued he, in an excited manner ; 'three minutes 'fore time, three minutes ! he ! he ! he ! I'm so out of breath, I'm a-goin' to rest myself afore I say another word. Why, see, Sir ; I'm full of mud, spattered all over like a Jarsey-man, and I'm a-most tired out.'

And I permitted him to be quiet until he announced that he was ready to give me the full particulars of his errand in investigating the doubtful demand upon Mr. Samuel Mellis, Exchange-Broker, of No. — Wall-street.

Meanwhile my German friend, Bierhaus, was very uneasy. He looked very inquiringly at me, and then at Thison, and he seemed very anxious to have his business attended to on the instant ; and when, as I supposed, his thoughts were brim-full of expectation regarding the recovery of his 'peeg,' he led off by his questioning me, 'If de olt man war nicht de yentlemans das cose mit me ?'

'Yes, he is the man,' replied I.

'Den he cose yoost now ?' inquired he, appealingly.

'Presently,' I answered.

'Ich bin in hurry. Nun ist die zeit, und alles will be verloren. I loss mein peeg und alles ist wech gegangen.'

I begged him to be silent, stating that by his own admissions his peeg was confined in a pen by the Irishman who withheld his property, and I presumed that the animal would, from that fact, be safe enough for his purposes, although a delay of an hour or so would intervene before I could attend to his writ, and that my business must be attended to in the order of receipt, and I requested him to be seated until I could give to his process that care and attention that would yield relief to his anxious mind in the sure recovery of his swine.

This was some sort of a settler for Bierhaus ; for thereupon he settled quietly in a chair, determined, doubtless, to wait my convenience, while for Thison also it was a matter of rejoicing ; for the old man, now safely recovered from the heat and hurry of his operations with Mellis, was desirous of communicating to me the result of his errand, exclaimed, in his usual odd way, 'Bless me, Mr. Sheriff ! eh ! eh ! you settled *dat* feller. Dere's nothing like it. You see dat you ony got to be right strut up and down wid dese people, and put it right to 'ern, and down dey goes. On'y one way, Sir ; yes, Sir, on'y one way. Bless me ! one way. And now 'bout Mellis.'

'Yes, Tise; how about Mellis?' inquired I, with some expectation that the old man's financiering operation had failed, 'how about Mellis?'

'Dat's 'bout Mellis,' answered he, proudly, laying before me on my desk a bundle of bank-notes, at the same time running his hand through his hair on his frontal, so as to adjust his top-knot in proper trim, 'yes, Sir, dat's 'bout Mellis. Count 'em, Sir; dey can't git ahead of Thison, young or old; dey must git up airy in the mornin' to git ahead of me. Count 'em, Sir. Four hundred and ten dollars, good bankable money, Sir.' And the old man gazed at me with an intensity of thought, as much as to say, 'Have I not accomplished wonders?'

This feat was indeed without parallel, I thought, and wondered how it was done; and I looked with admiration upon my old assistant, because he had succeeded in a matter that had defied the cunning of all such as me of the present generation, and, I doubt not, of the past age, in making a successful point with so notorious a sharp one as Samuel Mellis, exchange broker, etc.

'Well, you see, Mr. Sheriff,' continued Thison, 'I'm agoin' to tell you all 'bout it, and how it was done, on'y you must n't interrupt me, kase you know I do n't like to be interrupt. Now, I was full of fire this mornin'. I felt fust-rate, and I knowed when you give me the execution, kase of the dream I had, that I was good for somethin', and I went down to Wall-street; and, thinks I, what will I do? I thought of all kinds of plans, but nary one would do, and I was agoin' to give it up; but I thought that would n't do, and I said to myself: 'Pluck up! pluck up! Ain't you got any ingenooty.' And then I thought if I should come back and nothing done, how you would laugh at me, and that sot me to thinkin', and I begun for to think deep, yes, Sir, very deep, until I forgot my bizness altogether; and there I was a-standin' on de corner of Wall-street and William, by de bank, when I seed 'em fetchin' money-bags out of de bank, and dat made me think 'bout de execution agin' Mellis. It fetched me right back to my bizness, and I tuck the writ out of my pocket, and I looked at it, and says I to myself: 'Mellis, I'm blamed if I do n't ketch you wid your coat off;' and den I wondered how I was agoin' to ketch him so. And I wondered agin; and I looked at de execution once more, and, gracious me! I feeled a light strike troo me. And what do you think it was?'

'I have not the least thought,' I muttered, so entirely was I wrapped in the old man's story.

'In course you could n't,' continued he. I speckilated on your name. I seed the name of the plaintiffs, and I knowed you was all right with them; and they was money-brokers too. Dog eat dog, you know, Mr. Sheriff! Ha! ha! ha!' and he laughed and tittered as this modicum of barbarism was let off. And still continued he his 'Ha! ha! ha! he! he! he! Dog eat dog.'

'Go on, Tise, go on. You will never get through at this rate.'

'Well, Sir,' continued he, 'I was detarmined to push on, and I went to de plaintiff's office, and says I, when I got in, happening to find Mr. Nicholas in: 'Kin you let me have four hundred and fifteen dollars, unbankable money, for the Sheriff?' He kind o' looked at me, and

says he : 'Ain't your name Mr. Thison ?' 'Mr. Henry Thison,' said I. 'Yes, yes, Mr. Henry Thison,' said he. 'And you want four hundred and fifteen dollars, unbankable money, for the Sheriff. Here it is. And he counted out the *stuff*, and I tuck it, and was a-goin' out, and he called to me to know when I would return it. I told him I was a-goin' to collect his execution again' Mr. Mellis, and de unbankable money was what I was a-goin' to collect it with ; but, at any rate, I would bring him his money again, and dat he must hold de Sheriff as 'sponsible for the amount ;' saying which the old man paused, seemingly waiting for a reply from me to his borrowing operations on my name and credit.

'And you borrowed that amount on my account, eh, Tise ?'

'Yes, Sir, in course I did.'

'Bad business, Sir.'

'No, Sir ; de end justified the beginning. Well, never mind, I got de money, and den I tied my old bandanna hankercher round my neck, and I buttoned up my top-coat, and I tried to make myself look like a countryman. I went to a mortar-heap, stuck my boots in it, spattered my trowsers and clothes with the mortar, and I looked just as I am now, as though I'd bin travellin' through Jarsey mud six inches. In I went to Mellis' exchange office, and he was dere ; and, layin' my money on the counter, says I : 'Kin you discount this here stuff? I sold my oxen and critturs this morning, and I don't want to take this kind of money home with me. I want bankable money, so as I kin git the goold for it,' and he told me he could ; and he asked me to wait a little while, as his money was all locked up in the bank, and he would go and get it. But I kind o' mistrusted him, and I felt afeard that he diskivered me ; but when he asked me how much I had, I got all right agin, and I told him I'd wait if he did n't stay long. He told me he'd be back soon, and he left his office in the care of a little boy. Now when he was gone, thinks I, as I looked around his office, this is a mighty poor place to satisfy an execution out of. Dere was n't a penny anywhere to be seen, and I guessed he done his discountin' on a dodgin' plan ; dat is, he went out, when he got a customer, and got de money from some one ; but who it was I do n't know, and I did n't keer, nuther. Well, you see I waited 'bout five minutes or so, and bime-by he comes in agin, and then he tuck my money and laid it onto a shelf behind the counter, and then he counted out four hundred and ten dollars, bankable money, and give it to me for mine, and I put it in my pocket, he charging me five dollars for the discount. Well, den, I made as if I was goin' out of the office, and all at once it 'peared as though I recollect something which I forgot, and I went up agin to the counter, and says I : Mr. Mellis, look here, I mout have made a mistake 'bout that money I sold you. It was guv to me for four hundred and fifteen dollars ; it mout be more 'n that. If you please, let me look at it and count it. I'll be obleeged, and I'm sorry to trouble you.'

'You incorrigible old ——'

'Stop, now, Mr. Sheriff ; do n't interrupt me,' cried he ; 'all's right if you come out right.'

'Yes, yes, Tise ; I know that very well. But how could you deceive a man so ?'

'De end justified de beginning,' said he, stroking his chin. 'And den, agin, did n't I dream of bags of goold, and war n't it a warnin' to me for something rich?'

'Well, well, go on, Tise; let me hear the end of this affair.'

'Den says Mellis to me: 'Certainly.' And he handed de unbankable money back to me for me to count, as I desired. And den I put on my specs, and I 'peared as de innersentest creetur you ever see. And I looked over de money, and when I got done counting it, I rolled it up carefully. And while I was a-doin' this, Mellis he looked at me werry much astonished like, and says he to me, says he: 'Hallo there! what yer doing?' Well, Mr. Sheriff, I seen a good many eyes in my life, but I never seen sich as his'n. No, Sir; dey was a-most large as sassers, and I seen a good many of that kind, too; but I never did see eyes dat looked like *cups* and sassers afore nor sence. And den I kep rollin' de money up; and den agin he says: 'What yer 'bout, old man?' and he looked mighty curous. But by dis time I had de money safe in my trowsers-pocket, and den I up and told him dat I had a little execution agin him, which I showed him, and he was the skeerdest man I ever seen.'

'Highway robbery,' interrupted I.

'I done it by legal process, though,' replied Thison, 'and I think I ain't to blame, either. I allers do, and I allers did.' And here the old man assumed a look peculiar only to himself — a just discrimination of sound judgment — affected by him at certain times. 'Yes, Sir, I allers do, and I allers did, skin the skimmers; and would n't he have skinned me if he could, with his discount, one and a quarter per cent for safety-fund money? 'T was n't worth more 'n a half at de furdest. Goin' to cheat a old man like me!'

'But that was a matter of strict business,' said I; 'for you must know something about Wall-street operations, I should think, by this time.'

'And mine was a matter of strict business, too, on'y I could n't make out de exact fees.'

'Well, Thison, what did Mellis say when you showed him the execution?'

'Say! say!' echoed the old man, and he rose and stretched himself to his greatest stature, threw back his shoulders, and elevated his head, and, in his offended dignity, he repeated the words, 'Say! say! Would you believe, Sir, he insulted me? He asked me if I was de Sheriff; and when I told him, he said if I would hand him back the money (for it was n't his; and he told me that he went out in de street and borrowed it) he 'd give me twenty dollars, and no one should know nothing about it. But when he came that game on me 'bout bribing me, I got mad, and I cussed him for trying to insult me, and I told him he was a mean, dirty, nasty fellow to come that game on me, and he would live to a very old age indeed, if he ever found me to be sich a man. And then he got right sassy, finding that coaxing and offerin' to buy me would n't do, and I come away, and he said he was a-coming up to see you, wid de owner of the money, to make a demand on you to return it to him, and I guess he 'll come, too.'

‘So you think he’ll come, do you, Tise?’

And the door was opened, and in entered, as Thison uttered, ‘Dere he is,’ Samuel Mellis, accompanied by another of the money-changers.

The story was soon told. The complaint of Mr. Battel was made to me, that having loaned to Mellis some four hundred dollars in the morning, he had learned from that gentleman that the identical bank-bills so loaned were seized under an execution in the hands of my assistant, Thison.

‘Mr. Henry Thison!’ observed my old assistant, with marked enunciation, as the reference was made to him.

‘Go on, Mr. Battel,’ said I to that gentleman.

‘I claim the money levied upon as mine, and now I demand the return of it to me,’ said he.

‘That cannot be,’ answered I. ‘The money Mr. Thison seized was the same he sold to Mellis.’

‘Ah! yes,’ replied Mr. Battel; ‘yes, I know, but Mr. Thison has got the bankable money, the same which I let Mellis have.’

‘True, so he has; but that money Mellis sold to Thison at a premium, charging him a discount on the money that was handed him in return. So you perceive that the money he levied upon you never had; therefore you cannot claim it; and the money which you say did belong to you, was sold by Mellis to Mr. Thison, and his is the best title, because you and Mellis agree that it was sold to my assistant. Now, Sir, if I understand you as laying claim to the unbankable money ——’

‘No use, Sheriff,’ interrupted he. ‘I can’t do that. I shall have to give it up,’ and saying which he and Mellis gave to each other an assuring look that we in the Sheriff’s office were almost, if not quite as sharp as some that are sharpers; and they prepared to leave my office in a frame of mind that convinced them that I had the law of the matter, if not the equity.

‘Goodness gracious!’ ejaculated the old man, after the departure of Mellis and Battel; ‘you gin them fits; it done me so much good to hear you lay down the law p’int; you busted them any way they took. I did n’t think of them things myself, but it takes you and me, he! he! he!’ and he tittered at first, which seemed to come from the treble of his organ, until gaining volume and sound, ended in a loud, heavy rumble of the base-notes, producing the full gamut of a laugh, from the he! he! he! down to the haw! haw! haw!

Hereupon, as this matter was got through with, and being anxious to serve Mr. Bierhaus, as he constantly was asking me if I could not go with him, I made preparations to go, and I desired Thison to request the company of Dick Lesser in our swine-hunt, as he was a man of immense physical capacity; and not knowing to what extremity I might be put, I deemed it a point of prudence to have him with me, and I submitted the matter to the careful consideration of my old friend.

‘You can’t do better,’ said he, chucklingly, pleased no doubt with the prospect of having Dick’s assistance. ‘No, Sir, you can’t do better. Dick, you know, is a rouser; strong as a lion, you know; and

things mought be different with the pig. Now, I aint bad myself; I'm good at head-work; I aint strong; but you know the old story — and I could n't help thinking of it 'bout Mellis and Battel — the old story, you know, the race aint to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. The weak — dat's me — got ahead of the swift — dat's Mellis — and the weak — dat's me — got ahead of the Battel; funny, aint it?'

I was exceedingly rejoiced at the benefit of the exemption the old man gave me, when, as I supposed, I would come in for the latter half of his old adage, 'the weak got ahead of the Battel.'

All things being now arranged, we (that is, my assistants, and Bierhaus, and myself) proceeded, under the direction of Bierhaus, in quest of his pig; but whether to hold an *inquest* on the body of the animal, should it in the mean time have been slaughtered, or by color of my process to take the swine 'dead or alive,' though I preferred the former state, because it would have been easier for me in that event to have made a capture. We travelled by rail-road, and disembarked at or about One Hundred and Ninth-street, and I was told by Bierhaus that we would have to walk about a half-mile to get to the place where the hog was penned. This was a felicitous proceeding. It rained as though a second deluge had begun; and without an umbrella, or any thing to protect us from the drenching we were without stint to receive, we proceeded on our journey, through fields, ditches, quags, mud, and slush, and finally, though we were sometimes ankle, and very near knee-deep in the soft earth, we reached the spot — a swine-like smell having attracted us thither, as every one knows that has a nose that such like smells do there abound.

Bierhaus was in advance of me and my assistants, Thison and Dick, on the scent; and having got a view of the animal, he called to us 'to hurry on,' which gait we were not disposed to take just then; and as I had already seen his anxiety in the matter at issue, and knowing full well that as the animal was in view, he being there to guard his property, no particular advantage or detriment could arise from my being there a few minutes sooner or later.

I finally got to the hog-house, or pen, and there my eyes were directed by Bierhaus to take a look at the 'peeg,' which, stretched out on her side, cozily and comfortably, was giving nourishment to a dozen or so of little porkers.

'Dere bees de peeg, Mr. Sheriff,' observed the plaintiff, 'and you gits him out, and you gifs him zu me, fon you bleese.'

I looked at my writ. 'One sow, marked J. B. on her ear.' 'Look here, Mr. Bierhaus, your writ calls for the sow; not the pigs. How is this?'

'Ich weisz nicht; Ich gant dell; ven I finds de peeg, he haf no little ones; and I finds him dish morning, and he haf no little peeg den!'

Here was a circumstance I had not counted on. It seems that since the owner had found his pig in the morning, she had become the mother of a bouncing family; and I was wondering what I should do in this extremity, when I heard old Thison's laugh ringing and echoing, as though he had a laughing fit. 'Hallo! what are you about; why

do you laugh so, Tise?' Still that loud, reverberating ha! ha! ha! it rang and echoed a ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! 'What is the matter?' I again demanded of him; and yet I was afraid his risibles would be infectious. 'What's out, Tise?' demanded I.

'Oh! I can't help it, ha! ha! ha!' answered he; 'it's so funny.'
'What's so funny?'

'Discount in de morning, and premium in de afternoon; something taken off airy, and something added later; discount on the money and premium on the sow.'

This was an exceeding comic picture. Here stood the eager plaintiff, leaning on the edge of the hog-pen, with care and anxiety superbly marked on his broad face, occasionally glancing at the hog, and then at me, and begging in his looks that I should relieve him of the immense load under which he was suffering. Here Thison, with all the jollity of a mischievous boy, stood in close contiguity to Bierhaus, laughing and screaming his ha! ha! throwing up his arms and hands, and occasionally, as his laughing fit held on, in order to recover himself to start fair again, would he press his sides, his ha! ha! ha! ringing and echoing all the while. Dick Lesser and myself were inclined to follow Tise. Dick, however, having an eye and an inclination to business, was disposed to bring the matter to a head, and here I stood, (like all of us, spattered and covered with mud and dirt,) as earnest as Dick was to have the business closed up; but what could I do? — the main element of my success, the promoter, the incomparable Thison was off his equilibrium, and I had nought to do but to wait the time when the witchery should be removed. This was brought about quicker than I expected; for Dick being the physical agent, and Thison the mental, they were accustomed to work together, and Dick was nothing without Tise; and so, as there seemed a fair prospect of nothing being done on that day, in the recovery of the sow, Dick kindly intimated to Tise, 'Unless there was something agoing to be done, he would cut stick and be off.'

This was a startler for the old man. He would as soon be without his snuff as to lose Dick in a case similar to the one he was now engaged in, and he begged Dick to stay. 'He'd be right in a few moments; the fit would soon go off, and den he'd be in fast-rate working trim; only he could n't help it, it was so funny. Bless me! in for a sow, and got thirteen — a round baker's dozen of piggies in the boot — dat's premium; ha! ha! ha! he! he! he! my dream again; bags of goold; pigs of goold; yes, pigs,' and he smoothed down his face with his hand, and once more again assumed a semi-serious look, though it was hard work for him to keep off the risibles that constantly played about his mouth.

'Come, Tise,' said I to him impatiently, 'you have had your giggling sufficiently, I fancy; suppose you and Dick go to work.'

'Yes, dat's what I'm a thinking on,' replied he, 'but how are we going to do it? You can't take the pigs, you know, bekase your writ only calls for the sow.'

That was a poser: it was true, and throwing myself entirely upon the experience of the old man, who was the best authority in cases of

extremes similar to this, I gravely intimated to him that I relied upon his better judgment to relieve me from this perplexingly peculiar dilemma.

'Oh! yes; see, Mr. Sheriff, me and Dick, I guess, can manage it; but it's hard, aint it, to separate mother and children?'

'Very hard, you old sinner,' said I in a whisper, fearful that if he had heard my reply, he would have withdrawn himself from my company for the balance of the day, and left me to ring my pig my own way.

'Yes, it is hard,' mumbled the old man, as he and Dick proceeded toward the pen, prepared to go to work. 'Yes, it is hard, aint it, Dick?'

'I don't know,' replied that worthy; 'there's no use in mumbling, pop; we've got to do it; and I'm one for goin in at onst. Look here, pop; hold on a minnit or so. I'll jump in and go to work.'

'Don't you be in a hurry, Dick,' observed Tise; 'stratagem is got to be used; we can't git that creetur without a good deal of grunting, and perhaps a bite or so. Now, you run and see if you can't git a basket; borry one, or buy one; it's no matter what kind a one it is. Now run and hurry back.'

And off he sped to do the bidding of the old man, not stopping a moment to ask for what purpose it was to be used.

And the owner of the pig and myself were to all intents but mere lookers-on; but Tise, glorious old fellow, he was in a deep meditation by himself, while Dick was gone, and I dared not disturb him in his cogitations.

Dick returned very soon, much to the gratification of Thison, who thereupon directed him to jump over the inclosure and seize the animal by the ears, which request (command, I might say) was as readily complied with by him as though he were a subject of a dictator. Dick managed to get the sow by the ears, and he held on as tightly as a giant would, if he had got his paws on some frail thing, and Thison managed, as well as his old limbs would permit, to get over the pen-fence, and looking at Dick anxiously, he bade him 'Hold on tight; don't let her go, Dick; hold on;' and then turning to me he said, 'Pass over the basket, Mr. Sheriff; be smart; hold on, Dick; all right.'

And then I saw the superlative management of the old man. While Dick was holding tight the sow by the ears, he was dropping one pig at a time in the basket, until he rose up, having deposited the 'entire swine' in the willow; he cried out, 'Thirteen, by the hokey! Hold on, Dick; aint done yet; I got a rope in my pocket; hold on, Dick!'

'Hurry up, boss!' cried Dick, as the sweat came streaming down his swarthy face; 'hurry up, pop!'

'Aye, aye,' answered Tise, as he proceeded to tie one end of the rope around a hind leg of the animal, and the other to a post. 'All done; now hold up a bit; Mr. Sheriff, here, you take care of that ere basket,' continued he, as he deposited the pigs outside the pen. 'The pigs is got, the sow is tied fast to a post, and I'm outside; and now Dick, let go and run, and jump,' and forthwith Dick was outside too.

The Dutchman, who with myself was a spectator to this grand attack on the pig-sty, seemed delighted at the success of the plans so

successfully matured and accomplished by Thison, now that his property was almost once more in his possession again, could not remain silent at the surpassing achievement, and he shrugged his shoulders and observed to me, with a pleasant look in his face : ' Dat de olt man wash a drump ; dat he wash petter ash he wash, pine-by, tireckly,' which I interpreted thus : ' That the old man worked better than he thought he would, and that he was a trump.'

' Now, Dick,' observed Thison, ' you let down de boards on one side of de pen. D'ye hear? '

' Aye, aye, pop.'

' I'm a going to carry this here basket, and you untie the rope from the post, and den hold on to de end, and don't let go. D'ye hear? '

' Aye, aye, pop.'

' And den I guess,' continued the old man, ' the mammy will foller de child'en. Where are we going, Mr. Sheriff? '

' To the first yard-room we can find, Tise,' answered I.

' Be you ready, Dick.'

' Aye, aye, pop.'

' Den let go, and hang.'

And so we started ; Thison in advance, carrying the basket, anxiously followed by the sow, grunting all the time. She, however, was kept from proceeding too fast by the check-rein in Dick's hands. Bierhaus and myself brought up the rear, in pursuit of a temporary lodging for the rarest prisoner it was ever my good or evil fortune to capture.

After the lapse of three days, (the time fixed by law,) there being no exception to the sureties of the plaintiff, I gave an order for the delivery of the sow to Mr. Bierhaus, which the incomparable Thison attended to in his happiest vein, he declaring that at no time of his long life had ' He ever been so unmassiful as to separate a mammy from her child'en, nor de child'en from der mammy, and dat he knowed things was a coming out 'bout right when Dick was aroun'. Dick was uncommon strong, and dat all things considering, it was an eventful day, forewarned by his dream ; bags of goold ; discount in the morning ; pigs of goold ; aye, aye, pigs bein a premium on the sow, as called for by de writ of replevy ; ha ! ha ! ha ! and though I say it, both was a good operation, a fust-rate operation in *discount* and *premium*.'

THE PHANTOM BURIAL.

From the ancient abbey walls, now that knell my soul appalls,
As it rings in sadness round, through the air and through the ground ;
For the ancient abbey-tower, years a-many, at this hour
Tolls full strong a dying knell, though there ne'er was seen a bell.
But within those abbey walls is a sight far more appalls ;
For dim phantom forms appear, gathering round a shadowy bier.
Yet the abbey now is old, and the air is passing cold ;
And my mantel clock has told of the mid-night hour now rolled ;
And when the solemn mass is said, they gather round the warrior-dead,
And bear him to his earthy bed, upon the distant mountain-side,
And that phantom bell this night tolls unceasing till the light.

C. M.

L I N E S

BY THE PAINTER, WHO WAS ASKED TO PAINT A SUBJECT, TO BE CALLED, 'THE PAINTER'S DREAM.'

BY H. J. BRENT.

He sat upon a splintered rock
The lightning's spear had riven,
When the broad forest felt the shock,
And echoes shook in Heaven.

The sun was shining far and wide,
And domes of vapor rose
In grandeur from the mountain-side,
Where slept the winter snows.

Huge oaks and beeches waved around,
And maples clustered there,
And velvet grass was on the ground,
Kissed by the summer air.

From rock to rock a streamlet fell,
In silvery tones, and told
How it had broke the magic spell
Of caverns lined with gold.

Deep 'twixt the hills a lake was seen,
Its bosom like a sky;
And shadows of the forest green
Bent o'er it from on high:

Bent o'er it with an earnest look
Of mingled joy and pride,
And envious of the silvery brook
That circled through its tide.

Thus on the lightning-smitten peak
The poet-painter lay,
And felt how impotent and weak
He was to paint the day:

To paint the day and evening's spell,
The pillared clouds of noon;
The sleeping lake, the rocky dell,
The now up-rising moon.

He had not dreamed, he could not dream,
When God around him piled
A world of beauty, mountain, stream,
Of forests rich and wild.

H A R F A N G I N E X C E L S I S .

MOUNT WASHINGTON.

'You can bet high on that.'—HORIZ.

THAT first supper at the 'Crawford House' was great. Our appetites were sharpened by the mountain-air, which did indeed 'nimble and sweetly recommend itself unto our gentle senses.' And now, after a long and weary way and day of travel, we were resting at the feet of the White Mountains.

We have a reasonable respect for ruins, and such matters, but not an overweening one. To us, a ruin is a reverie, but not a rapture. We can appreciate the Pyramids, 'the work of men's hands'; but have a higher feeling for the greater grandeur and the more antiquity of the 'eternal hills.' And these great mountains seem to us, as they loom up in all their majesty and might, great monuments of God.

'Felix, my boy, to-morrow we make the ascent.'

'Well,' quoth Felix, 'I suppose I must give my assent; but really I see no use of it. Why do we ascend high mountains? (Chadband.) Merely as men strive for office, full of toil and trouble; just to *say* we have been up. Think of the rough-and-tumble over those rocks and awful boulders. It wants a bolder man than I am; but I'll do it.'

So we said our prayers, and went to bed. We arose quite early. It was scarcely dawn with us; but the forehead of the mountain was baptized with the morning sun. It would be well to live up there, where we could so lengthen out our days. For, the day before, we noticed, that when the shades of evening closed the valley in, and Night was spreading out her hands over the earth, the clear sun-light still bathed the mountain-tops with glory. As we sometimes see upon the countenance of a corpse, so this last warm smile lingered upon the face of Nature, when all else was dead and cold.

Around came the ponies — vicious little devils — which were to take us up into an exceeding high mountain. They had great manes and most extensive names. They were Jenny Lind, Grisi, Alboni, the Swan of Erin, and all the other swans, except the one of Ethiopia. We mounted quite a party for the mountain, and at the head was the guide, whose vocation 't was, as most facetious W. aptly quoted,

'To allure to higher worlds, and lead the way.'

Well, off we started, full of fine spirits, to say nothing of the contents of our saddle-bags. It is difficult for us to attain lofty eminences. We must climb. Every step is one of labor and fatigue. But with endurance and with strength it *can* be done. On we go, 'a perfect phalanx,' till presently we hear from Felix:

'Hallo! where, in the name of London, does this fog come from?'

VII.

Those phantom shapes, in their fairy play,
Change the long, dark night to a golden day;
They are mail-clad warriors, and, hasting by,
Their ranks they form in the star-lit sky,
With lightning lances, glistening bright,
And waving banners of living light.

VIII.

Those spectral bands are too wild for earth,
In a spirit-land they have had their birth;
Yet they oft are seen by mortal eye,
In mid-night revels along the sky;
With noiseless step and lightning glance,
In cloud-land treading their fiery dance.

D E B O R A H .

I AM an old man. My hand trembles as I write. It is a strange-looking hand — shrivelled, and brown, and mottled with the dark spots which old age has imprinted on it. I can hardly believe the tale my mirror tells me; for Time, in his busy silence, has wrought sad changes there. The curls in which I used to glory are silver white; my eyes, once dark and piercing, are sunken and faded, and look out like dying lights from underneath their drooping, reddened lids. This stooping, crazy form is but the wreck of what was once my pride. I sang once. They said I sang well. For years I led a choir which was the boast of the country round. The highest falsetto was not beyond my flexible voice, nor the deepest base below it. Now that voice, cracked and discordant, can hardly falter through the scale, and dies away in a husky whisper.

But I did not mean to talk of myself. These thoughts came over me as I looked down the past, to catch a glimpse of one who shone there so brightly, who shines now in the New Jerusalem.

It was many years ago, for I was *young* then, when I first saw sweet Deborah Darling. It was on the first Sabbath in June. Oh! how it comes up before me! The waving leaves and the soft murmuring of the fresh breeze as it rippled through them; the bursts of liquid music that trilled without the church, and the voice of the meek old minister within, whose simple, heart-felt eloquence bound us like a spell. I occupied my accustomed seat in the choir. The singers one by one dropped in, when, to my dismay, I found that my first treble was absent. What could we do? I was perplexed beyond measure, for we had prepared ourselves with unusual care to sing before some distinguished strangers present, and without our leading treble we were nothing. At last, one of the singers suggested that she had a cousin below who sang readily

by note. She *might* be persuaded, etc., etc. I hurried down stairs, and there, in an old square pew, for the first time beheld Deborah Darling. How well I remember it all! Her fair face suffused with blushes at the thought of taking so prominent a position, her gentle hesitation and timid reluctance, the sweet pitying expression that stole over her countenance as I told my perplexity, and her faltering acquiescence at last. I had conquered Deborah, but Deborah had conquered *me*!

I led her to her place in the north gallery, the base were ranged in the south, and between them I took my stand, with the counter singers in a line before me, and, with a majestic flourish on my pitch-pipe, we burst into one of those fine old anthems which now lie neglected and forgotten. Never did I hear such music. Others may talk of Jenny Lind and Sontag, but never again will *my* ears hear such strains as gushed from the lips of Deborah. She sang with her whole heart; the delicate color deepened in her cheeks, her eyes glistened, and her face grew radiant with emotion. I sang mechanically. My thoughts, my eyes were fixed on Deborah; and when she soared away, now carolling like a bird, and now gliding over the most difficult passages without an apparent thought of any thing but the language of devotion she was uttering, I felt as if listening to the songs of another world.

The anthem ceased, but my brain was in a whirl. It seemed to me that the minister would pray about Deborah, that he would preach about her, that every one must be thinking of her through the whole service. That was an unprofitable Sabbath to me; yet she, sweet girl! would gladly have led my thoughts toward the Heaven whither her own were ever turning.

That Sabbath passed away; the week passed away, and I had seen her, known her, and *loved* her.

It was on a Saturday afternoon as bright and beautiful as ever shone on this fallen earth, that I drove through the fragrant pine woods of B ——. The air was delicious, the scenery enchanting, and by my side sat Deborah. Every item of her appearance comes up vividly in my recollection. Her dress of spotless white, beneath which peeped out that slender little foot; the shawl of a color so delicate and soft, (I know not its name,) and the deep bonnet from whose dark shadow her eyes beamed like stars. Never since have I seen such eyes as Deborah's, so full of liquid light, the soul looking out of their clear depths, as if no thought of defilement had ever marred its purity, and the long lashes falling heavily over them, as though to veil such brightness from the rude gaze of mortals. A proud and happy man was I when, as I turned toward her, (and I never spoke without doing it,) she would look up for a moment with such a soft and timid glance, and then drop her eye-lids, as if terrified at her own boldness. The gentle murmur of her words thrilled my heart. It seemed to me it would be heaven to clasp that little hand.

The sun went down, and the silver disk of the moon gleamed in the eastern sky. The trees began to darken more thickly around us. I slackened my reins; my horse walked gently along, and no sound broke

the stillness save the sighing of the wind through the pines and the melancholy chirp of the cricket. I looked at Deborah, and my tongue found utterance. I told her how dear she was to me, how long, how ardently I had loved her; how I never had loved, never *could* love another!

I paused for a response. She trembled. The transparent muslin modestly folded about her neck heaved convulsively. A faint blush stole over her sweet face; her lips parted and closed again; a few bright drops trembled on their long lashes, and then coursed slowly down her cheeks, as if loth to leave so fair a resting-place. Then, with a smile such as the angels wear, she looked up suddenly in my eyes, and said, with faltering utterance: 'No, Gregory, it must not be, it cannot be. We will be *friends*, but nothing more.'

'Then you cannot love me?' said I hoarsely, each word seeming to choke me in the utterance.

Deborah turned and gave one glance from the depths of her speaking eyes. I needed no dearer answer. 'You are mine!' I exclaimed with rapture.

She shook her head mournfully.

My heart sank within me. I tore a bough from the trees we were slowly passing and, heedless of what I was doing, stripped off the leaves and flung them to the winds. I know not how long we rode in silence. A faint sigh roused me from my gloomy reverie, and Deborah's voice broke the stillness:

'Do not think me unkind, nor,' her voice trembled, 'unloving. My heart rebels against my decision, but it is an unsafe guide, and I may not trust it. My life is consecrated to my MASTER's service, and though others may serve HIM more in other ways, I know that for me the path of usefulness and upward progress is that of single life. Love so precious as yours would bind me too closely to the earth, and I should forget and wander away from ONE who loves me far more than you. But, Gregory,' she laid her soft hand gently on my arm, 'you will be my *friend*, my chosen' — she hesitated — 'my *beloved* friend?'

An unaccountable calmness came over me. I took the little hand: 'Yes, Deborah,' I exclaimed, 'we will be friends for ever! While you walk on your solitary way I too will journey on alone. I ask only for a kind thought, a kind look, and sometimes a kind word from you, and I will be satisfied. Your MASTER shall be mine. Like you I will pass upward, and when our love is chastened, and purified from every earthly stain, we shall meet to be separated no more.'

As I spoke, we came to a sudden bend in the road, and the moonlight streamed full on Deborah's upturned face, which shone with seraphic lustre, as if already gazing on the bliss of heaven. Our eyes met, her hand clasped mine, and angels registered the vows which our lips could not utter.

We parted, each of us to pursue life's weary way alone. We met seldom, and then our words were few. Our affection was too deep, too pure for utterance. Through others I heard often of Deborah; of her patient, untiring, unselfish devotion to the comfort of others; of her

unwavering equanimity under every trial ; of her meek humility and unshrinking fortitude. Sometimes I received a few words of cheering encouragement in her delicate chirography ; sometimes a kind message, which bore to me a deeper meaning than the simple language conveyed.

It is ten years since I saw her last. Time had woven many a silver thread amid her dark locks. He had stolen her bloom, and wasted her form ; but a tender light still beamed from her eyes, and her face seemed to reflect the radiance of the world she was approaching. Deborah was very dear to me in her youth. In her *old age* she was *unspeakably* precious.

Deborah is gone. I have just knelt by the fresh green turf beneath which she is sleeping. I love to linger there ; to remember her sweet patience and child-like faith ; to recall the many blissful hours she has already given me, and to look forward to the many, many more which are before me. I think of her as she walks the streets of the celestial city, as she mingles in the songs of the redeemed, and I move on with a firmer step and a lighter heart, seeking to work more faithfully for my LORD, till He shall call me home.

MASTER ! it has been a struggle of many years, but through THEE I have triumphed ! I love my angel *now*, because she reflects THINE image. I ask no other heaven than the enjoyment of THYSELF.

I M P E R I A L E C H O E S .

‘NIL fecerit esto.

Hoc volo, sic jubeo, sit pro ratione voluntas !’ — JUVENAL.

‘WELL, be it war, then, for ten years at least !’
 Just so, stern Czar, perhaps for thrice the term,
 And every moment told with gouts of blood,
 And dying groans, and yells of savage joy :
 But why not use the frankness that beseems
 Imperial pride, and boldly say, ‘My war ?’
 For yours the monster is, and you alone
 Must bear the sin and stigma of its birth.
 And who are you that thus, in sport or spleen,
 Dare bring exasperate nations face to face,
 With fire and sword, insatiate of revenge,
 To wreak perdition, merciless as hell’s ?
 What are you, prithee, but a worm at best —
 A royal reptile of a grander coil,
 And fang of deadlier venom, than the mass
 Of earth’s plebeian crawlers, yet with them
 Co-doomed to grovel, and with them at last
 Be trampled back into the common clay ?

'I'll not have peace, till my last soldier falls!'
 Plain language, CZAR, and simple as a child's;
 Yet aught more awful than its ruthless sense,
 Ne'er taxed the fierce vernacular of fiends;
 For lo! the mighty myriads levied forth
 From every hamlet of your world-wide realm,
 And forced to sunder all the chords that bind
 The heart to home and kindred, evermore
 To waft your ruffian eagles to their prey;
 Yet these, all these must perish to a man,
 Ere your imperial wrath will suffer Peace,
 God's loveliest angel, to revisit earth!
 Then add the crowning woe, that not a soul
 Of all the hosts your iron will thus dooms
 To war's red MOLOCH, can its fate fulfil;
 But far away in some lone hut, beside
 The frozen Lena, or in shaggy tent,
 By Don's dark stream, or in the wattled lodge,
 Slow wheeling o'er the Ukraine's boundless steppes,
 There shall be bitter tears and life-long wail
 For loved ones, never to be welcomed more!

And, CZAR, since commerce, in these gentler years,
 Has bound remotest nations in the bonds
 Of mutual interest in each other's fate,
 Where dwells there one, of all the tribes of men,
 But feels the blow you've struck the common weal?
 Even here the humblest drudge of glebe or mart,
 A thousand leagues beyond your knout's fell sweep,
 Must earlier, later toil for daily bread
 To feed his babes withal, that you, forsooth,
 May glut your greed upon friendless foe!

'The man is very sick!' and so was he
 By whom the Levite passed with dainty step
 Upon the other side; but you improve
 The coy example of your fellow-priest
 By falling on the fallen, might and main;
 Nay, with your bloody crozier beating back
 The hand out-stretched to pour the oil and wine!

Ah! ROMANOFF, albeit yonder Heaven
 Seem far enough from this forsaken world,
 Yet be assured that drop of guiltless blood
 Ne'er stained its flowers, nor wail for wanton wrong
 Its echoes thrilled, since the first shepherd's dirge,
 Unseen, unheard, or unremembered there!
 If heathen FELIX, passing in review
 The petty acts of his provincial sway,
 Trembled to learn of judgment from the lips
 Of PAUL, the outcast, warning in his bonds,
 How should your Christian soul, in all its pomp
 And pride of boundless sovereignty, be moved,
 To hear the voice of Conscience drown the din
 Of clashing legions, by your madness roused
 To battle's crimson orgies, and recall
 His words, who spake as mortal never spake:
 'Woe to that man by whom offences come!'

New-York, Sept., 1854.

W. P. F.

H A V A N A S E G A R S M O K E .

IN THE HARBOR.

'No sabe em. que hora es? Don't you know what o'clock it is?'

JOSSE'S SPAN. GRAMMAR, p. 323.

'COME up on deck, come up; Cuba's in sight!' shouted Pote, in a highly tremulous voice, to his friend Brick, who, still seated at the dinner-table, was dallying with a coy kernel of a hickory-nut that refused to come out, pick he never so wisely.

'Good! *very* good!—now Pote, sit down calmly and help me finish this bottle of sherry. I've a presentiment that we're all going to live long enough to finish it, smoke a segar, and go up—if go up we must—see Cuba, and then die.'

'B-but Cuba's in sight!' added Pote.

'Good again! Very glad to hear it; hope it'll stay so; sit down!'

In about half-an-hour, Brick and Pote were on the deck of the steamer 'Crescent City.' 'See! see!' spoke Pote, 'over there on the weather-quarter, that light-blue cloud, as it were, that's Cuba!'

'*Smoke!* You can't fool me,' remarked Brick, sententiously; 'd'ye see that steerage-passenger there with a short six in his mouth? Well, he's making Cuba!'

'N-no he aint! Captain M'C—— just said it was Cuba, and it seems to me. Yes!'

and here Pote stopped and snuffed up the air, 'it seems to me I can catch a smell of spicy air, a perfumed zephyr from beautiful Cuba!'

'Hold on, Pote! Don't exhaust yourself; it's only an exhalation of hedyosmia from Miss Johnson's handkerchief. Don't you see her coming up from the cabin?'

A great deal of conversation, ditto liquor was disposed of by the passengers during the afternoon. The subject of their discourse was, whether they could reach the Moro Castle before sun-set, and thus be able to run up the harbor to an anchorage, and go ashore that night. Practical Brick and poetical Pote—the former smoking like a house on fire—as the sun went down, walked forward, and over the steamer's bow gazed into the dark water of the gulf—the one in mild-eyed wonder gazing at while querrying 'whence came the fragile shells that, Nautilus-like, floated over the sad waves, and where went the swift-winged flying-fish that shot from wave to wave?' while the other revolved over 'how those cussed little Portuguese men-of-war must be mashed up after the steamer had run 'em down, and whether fried flying-fish would n't go well?'

As it grew darker, the Moro light shone out, then another and another, till gas-lighted Havana was before them. The pilot came on board; and New-York, Jr., having discovered during the voyage two hand-organs with grinder-attachments, to Brick's great joy succeeded in get-

ting them aft on the quarter-deck, and the steamer run under the walls of the Moro to the tune of '*Casta Diva*,' while she sat in *The Low-Backed Car*' promiscuously, and came to anchor by the guard-ship, under the walls of the *Cabañas*. Soon through the dark waters flashed in phosphorescent light the oars of a custom-house boat, which rowed all night round the steamer. Every oars-man had a lighted segar in his mouth, and the man at the stern seemed to have two. Beautiful Cuba!

A flash of light and the report of a gun came booming over the water; then from out the guard-house in the *Cabañas* fort, high over the heads of Brick and Pote, came the shrill cry of the sentinels, '*Alerta!*' and the roll of drums and the blast of bugles rang out as the guard made the rounds. The sound of music came faintly over the waters of the harbor: it was the military band performing on the Plaza. Pote strained his eyes to make out form or shape to the city, then up to the fort, then at the custom-house boat, but darkness was over all; then up at the sky. 'O Brick! this is very lovely; how brilliantly the stars shine! Heaven seems nearer to the dwellers in this fair land, than to us of the cold and dismal North.' But Brick heard not; he was leaning over the side of the steamer, listening to the roll-call of Spanish oaths coming out of the custom-house boat. Some one, regardless of the old saw, '*Coals to Newcastle*,' had *chucked* a lighted segar into this nest of hornets, and they were singing. Beside giving one ear to this, he had a mental eye fixed on the dark-eyed señoras, and the dark-brown segars, and the opera, and cock-fights, and a bull-fight, and all those other little arrangements he proposed putting into the next day, and so on. 'Good-night, Pote! I'm going to turn in; it's too damp on deck. I'll see you to-morrow morning early.' Brick hereupon dove down into the cabin, where a select little party were drinking rum and porter.

He had an indistinct recollection, on waking up, of being in some strange place, and jumping out of the berth, looked through the dead-light of his state-room, and found the moon shining brightly on the walls of the *Cabañas*. Looking at his watch, and finding it about five o'clock, he dressed and went up on deck. Now for the first time in his life, as he gazed on the strange scene around him, made misty in the moon-light, did he feel at heart a faint symptom of a new-born sensation — a love for the beautiful; but he choked it with a cup of coffee and a segar. As morning dawned, the vessels of every nation in the distance at anchor, the fort on the Punta, the hospital, prison, barracks, the Moro Castle, with its light-house, and the *Cabañas* stood out in bold relief against the strong light; and at sun-rise, as the steamer started for her wharf, they passed the Havana, bathed in rosy light, rising from the water like an exhalation of the morning.

By the time the steamer had reached her wharf, boats of all kinds and shapes, from the man-of-war's cutter down to the waterman's two-oared boat — a cross between a canvas-covered Jersey wagon and an Italian gondola — had been or were along-side.

Pote, about seven o'clock, came on deck, and Brick at once saluted him: 'Good morning! — have n't we got the *tools* here for a romance,

hey? But what hotel are you going to?' Brick might as well have left this question unasked. Pote was all eyes. He had n't an ear just then for a syren, let alone Brick. Ten minutes toned him down though to the realities of life; and in answer to Brick's repeated hotel question, he answered:

'The *Colon*, of course, if we can get in there. The major-domo of the hotel will be here before long with a boat, and then we can go over to the Havana with him.'

Brick's mind at rest, he opened on Pote. 'Isn't this *the* place to live and die in, 'specially about August? Look at that boat-load of oranges, piled in like coals in a collier. See those palms over there at *Casa Blanca*, and over there at *Regla*. Admire the soft green of those hills. Twig the moustache of that old cock in the custom-house boat. Look at those 'coolies' rowing that boat; they're a fresh importation from the East-Indies, brought here to do away with slavery; 't wont work though. Hallo! there's two English men-of-war, and a brig ditto. What are they doing here? And there's a Spanish man-of-war steamer. Never a bit of striped bunting in the harbor. But here's our boat. Where's your baggage?'

In a few minutes, Brick and Pote were seated under the awning of the boat, with their luggage, spinning over the flashing waters of the harbor, toward the custom-house wharf. One of the oars-men, a negro of 'tremendous build,' had a breadth of chest and a mass of muscle large enough to establish a Farnese Hercules in business. The other oars-man, a Spaniard, pulled the bow-oar in fine style. Together they made *La Gertrudis* run the water like a lively thing. While Pote was vainly endeavoring to drink in with his eyes the 'things of beauty' all round him, that he might lay in a stock of 'joy for ever,' the major-domo ordered the small sail spread, and on they flew. But hark! — what shout is that? Not ten feet astern of them a rival boat, *El Poder de Dios*, is cracking on all sail and oars, New-York, Jr., standing up in her, is shouting for delight at the prospect of going in ahead; but the oars-men in Brick's boat lie down to it; they strain every nerve; the water runs by them like a mill-race. 'Push on! Cara! oh! go ahead!' shouted the major-domo in Spanish, and by miraculous exertions, *La Gertrudis* shot ahead like an arrow, and the last heard from New-York, Jr., was, 'Oh! get away with your d — d old '*La Ger-beer-tub*!''

Arrived at the wharf, they clambered up, had their luggage brought after them, and stood under the shed, waiting till the 'most faithful' of her Catholic Majesty's *aduaneros* would give them a landing-permit and examine their baggage. The steamer 'Isabel' had that morning arrived from Charleston, and her passengers, added to those of the 'Crescent City,' gave the officials plenty of business, and necessarily delayed *los Americanos* in their hot haste to see the Havana. New-York, Jr., boiled over with wrath at the detention. 'Only just wait till we get hold of things here! Won't we change all this? Isn't there any way of swimming round the Custom-house, instead of going through it?' said he, as he examined the depth of water round the wharf. 'Look there!' he continued, 'aint we in an outside country? There's

the captain of a bark giving orders on horseback ! Do n't he look jolly, tearing round decks there ? Looking in the direction indicated, Brick saw sure enough, on the forward deck of a vessel just coming to anchor near the wharf, a man on horse-back. Whether he was captain or not, New-York, Jr., only knew, and he had spoken. Half-a-dozen sailor-rigged functionaries, with *Capitan-General* painted in gilt letters on the black ribbons round their straw-hats, with each a segar in his mouth, assisted by looking on at the opening and examination of trunks, band-boxes, valises, chests, etc. The heat of the day was soon felt. One gentleman, an invalid, fainted, but he was not uncared for ; almost in an instant assistance was rendered him, for were there not Americans there ? One lady fanned his pale face ; another applied a vinaigrette ; a glass of ice-water was brought ; and while the invalid slowly revived — the excitement at its height — the door of the office was thrown open, the landing-permits given. The major-domo of the hotel asked Brick and Pote to open their trunks. The Custom-house officer lifted up the lids through ceremony — your real Spaniard is *so* courteous — and the next instant Brick saw his trunk — a trunk heavy enough in the States to have occupied the united groans of two Irishmen — lifted like a cork by a stalwart nigger to the top of his head. Pote's baggage was handled in like manner by a couple more, and passing the sentinel at the gate, they found themselves, after a minute's walk, in the comfortable *Hotel de Colon*.

H. P. L.

F I R E - I S L A N D L I G H T .

BY ISAAC MACLELLAN.

LIKE a pale ghost in sheeted white,
 On its lone isle the light-house stands :
 The noon-day glitters hot and bright
 Athwart its tall sepulchral height,
 And on its girdling sands.
 No red flowers nod their painted bells
 To lure the bee in honeyed cells,
 Or spice the air with luscious smells
 Around its desert base :
 But only the dry-bladed grass,
 Or the salt-sedge, a tangled mass,
 Spring o'er the barren place.

Ne'er poureth there the liquid note
 Of song-bird, from melodious throat,
 At dawn or close of day ;
 But only the wild sea-bird's shriek,
 The plover's whistle, or the bleak,

Shrill pibroch of the curlew, sound
The melancholy shores around,
Or piping of the beach-bird's flock,
O'er shelly cove or weedy rock.

Yet, in the sultry summer's prime,
It is a soothing haunt, I ween ;
When Ocean beats his hollow chime,
Sweet-sounding, mellow and serene ;
When winds are soft and seas are bright,
And the sands sparkle in the light,
And the smooth-rounded billowy waves
Roll in like turfy rural graves,
And the white sea-mews skim the deep,
Or high in airy circles sweep.

And ever 't is a blessed spot
To the poor sea-boy, whose hard lot
Dooms him to strive with blast and breeze,
And roam the melancholy seas.
When sailing from his native land,
High perched upon the giddy mast,
He wipes his tear with rugged hand ;
And through the falling night is cast
His last fond glances, to discern
His home, where thy pale lanterns burn ;
Then, clinging to the slippery spar,
Upon thy steady-beaming star
He gazes, till the gloom of night
And the salt spray hide thee from sight.

And ever, as he wandereth wide
O'er unknown sea and foreign tide,
Where Indian typhoons lash the surge
Far o'er the globe's remotest verge,
Or where the frozen pole doth pour
Its ice-bergs on the frozen shore ;
Or in the tropic island-bays,
Where golden fruits each grove displays,
His eyes, in fancy, fondly strain
To catch thy watch-fires o'er the main.

When voyaging to dear native land,
For years an exile from her strand,
With throbbing heart he climbs the mast
At night, to sweep the watery waste ;
The seas run high, the breakers roar,
They thunder all along the shore,
The gale blows hoarsely o'er the main,
The reefed sails all are torn in twain,
The bulk-heads creak, the timbers groan,
No moon illumines the path unknown.

Oh ! frantic then, his glances turn
To where thy lurid lamps should burn ;
But blinding spray, and solemn night,
And sea-fogs long hide thee from sight.
At length flames out thy beacon-light,
At length resounds the joyous cry
That ' Old Fire-Island Light is nigh ! '

H O M E - S I C K N E S S .

THE sun to-night in leaving his domain,
 Who now at this past-midnight hour doth stand,
 Waving his mantle o'er my native land,
 Drew up to sky upon the slanting plane
 His golden rays had made, bright sheaves of rain,
 A parting gift for those he left behind;
 And, calling to a fawning slave, the wind,
 He bade him roll away the cloudy wain:
 While now the airs of night, a misty band,
 Out-pour the freighted moisture, as a potion
 To earth, wherein a kindly blessing lies:
 'T is thus my heart waves up with luring wand
 Some gift of thought, while flying o'er the ocean,
 And vapory dreams bear back to me the prize.

SCHWARZSTEIN.

T H E M A N I N A R M O R .

A SKETCH OF WEST-INDIAN LIFE.

FEW sights are so beautiful to a Northern eye as night in the tropics. The suddenness of night-fall; the instantaneous beaming forth of those wondrous stars, so apparently near; the feeling that earth, and moon, and stars are floating together in a lambent ether, all is new, wonderful, and beautiful.

Such were my delicious emotions as I arrived, after a wearisome sea-voyage, in the harbor of St. Thomas, in the West-Indies. As we approached the town, the gun fired from the fort at the hour of sun-set, and evening descended instantaneously. Venus, the star of the night, beamed forth; not the cold beauty of our Northern sky, but the sweet, burning queen of the South. Every planet seemed a neighbor; and it was some time before I could move my eyes from the heavens, and gaze upon the scarcely less beautiful earth.

The town, with its many lights—always a welcome sight to the traveller; the hill-top, crowned with the Buccaneer's Tower; the light, graceful boats of the negroes crowding round the ship; their songs in the melancholy minor key; the warm and tranquil atmosphere, altogether carried me away into the land of reverie and dreams, and a pleasant languor and indistinctness took possession of me.

'An enchanting picture,' said a voice behind me. It was my friend, the silent Englishman, as we called him on board.

'It is, indeed,' was all I felt inclined to say.

'The town, rising like the goddess from the waves; the palms, tossing their branches in the air; above, this transcendent sky; at our feet, ocean, blue and beautiful!'

I was astonished to hear my silent friend talk on at this rate, and turned to look at him. He was a pale, sorrowful man; and I judged him to be one of those invalids who try to piece out a broken life by retreat to these islands.

'You are familiar with this part of the world?' I suggested.

'Yes; these are romantic places. I have an estate on one of them. I come down to see to it now and then. They give the estates very queer names. 'Diamond and Ruby' is one of them; 'Prosperity,' 'Mary's Hope,' etc., etc. Mine is called the 'Man in Armor.'

'Ah! then yours has the queerest name yet.'

'Yes, and the queerest story; a story of crime, of misfortune, of retribution; a melo-dramatic story, for West-Indian life is all melo-drama. Crime grows here like the plants which grow in the jungles, as wild and distorted as they.'

In the bustle of landing, I lost my friend, and forgot him, his estate, and his story, until the next evening, I met him pacing the piazza of the hotel, and smoking his segar. We joined company, and smoked together, lazily watching the negresses poising their burdens on the head, and walking under them with the majesty of dark Cleopatras, chanting, as they walked, their wild, melancholy songs.

'By the way,' I remarked, 'you spoke of your estate last night, and its history, as if it were no secret. Might a stranger ask to hear it, or is it of a private nature?'

'Oh! by all means. Every body knows it. On its own island, it is the favorite after-dinner topic; and if you will take passage with me on the little schooner, which to-morrow night will take me over to the neighboring island, I will tell it to you by the witching light of these stars.'

I accepted with alacrity. The next night, (for they do every thing in the night in the West-Indies,) we embarked on a very crazy little schooner; and I almost repented, when I saw our crew, that a foolish desire to hear a story had caused me to intrust my precious self to a captain who whistled for the wind, and who seemed descended from some African Hecuba, and whose assistants were as black and wierd as himself. However, my friend seemed satisfied, and I tried to be.

'You know,' my friend began, 'that these planters generally send their sons to England or the United States to be educated, and you have probably some West-Indian boy in your memory who was the brigand, the desperado of your class at school. Two boys, of the true type of ungoverned tropicals, left this island we are now approaching many years ago for England. They were placed at school, and were endured for the sake of their money, which was supposed to be inexhaustible. Philip, the eldest, was somewhat amenable to law and order, after a time; but William, the younger, put all authority at defiance, and at length, in a fit of passion, stabbed one of the boys.'

'Before the young murderer could be caught, he and his brother had effectually escaped, and the only trace of them was to a neighboring sea-port, where they were supposed to have embarked for home.'

'Meanwhile the father, whom I shall call Vickars, received from England intelligence of this transaction, but no news of his boys. His

distress can be better imagined than described: His wife, a Spanish woman, died under the agony and suspense. All that was left to him was one daughter, Annunciata, a child of twelve years. He sent east and west for his lost children, but no tidings came of them.

‘One other friend he had, who shared his watchings and his sorrows. This was the good Father Pedro, the Catholic priest, who spent his life in the humble but unwearying care of his church and his people, and who dearly loved the wife of Vickars, one of his most devout children. He was one day sitting at a window which commanded the sea, talking to the afflicted father, and offering to go himself in search of the lost boys, when in the extreme distance he descried a sail. ‘A ship!’ ‘a ship!’ How anxiously was she watched! — how intently they had scanned every sail for months! — how they sat with suspended breath till she came nearer!

‘At length, after many weary hours, the ship reached the dock. On her deck stood one boy; only one; yes, it was he: it was William!

‘Even in this hour of inexpressible emotion arose the cry, ‘Where is thy brother?’

‘William told, with many tears and sighs, a story of great length and great interest. They had escaped to Madeira; thence had started for home. Had been taken against their will to Lisbon. Had been inhospitably put ashore, as their money was gone. Had retreated into the interior; joined a party of robbers, or been taken up by them; and Philip, having offended the chief, had been murdered, or at least was dragged insensible from his brother’s sight; and William, tied and wounded, was carried in another direction by the robber-troop.

‘Escaping at last, he reached the sea; found a ship bound for the West-Indies. The captain, more hospitable than the last, took him on board, and restored him to his father.

‘Old Father Pedro was an attentive listener to this story. He had never liked William; and he thought there were some discrepancies in this story.

‘‘You say, my son, that the robbers took you past the convent of Santa Maria, about three leagues from Lisbon?’ said Father Pedro.

‘William turned very pale, but that might be caused by painful recollections.

‘‘Yes, good father,’ said he.

‘‘I know that country well, and was born not far from that convent,’ said the old man, musingly.

‘The events in the history of this family had been so shocking, that Vickars sank into a state of incapacity. Although a man in the vigor of life two years before, he was now sunken and apparently aged. He seemed to see his lost son; he forgot the name of the one who lived; and only now and then roused himself to reason and memory.

‘His estate, which was large, came very much into the hands of William, who, though young, proved himself an excellent man of business. His slaves worked more hours than any gang on the island, and his sugar and coffee brought high prices. He led a life of unparalleled license and dissipation, and seemed to fear neither God nor man. Yes, there was one man who made him tremble, and that was Father Pedro.

‘At length it occurred that this check should be removed. Father Pedro had long since determined to go to Spain, and to make search for the unfortunate Philip, but many things detained him. The Catholic priests are, as elsewhere, very dominant men on these islands, and very important, particularly in the Spanish Islands, to the government; so he must wait until some successor arrived to take his place. At length, all difficulties being smoothed away, Father Pedro departed silently, not communicating the purpose of this journey to any save one, and this one was old *Lanta*, an African slave.

‘An *African slave* means one brought from Africa immediately, having still the original brand on the forehead given by the slaver. Of these the islands of Cuba and Porto-Rico are full, and a wild, fierce race they are. The gyves have not yet entered their souls, and they seem to have a supernatural power about them, burning ever in their untamed eyes.

‘Old *Lanta* was the commanding spirit of the plantation. She had been very insubordinate at first, and Father Pedro had interfered to save her many a cruel punishment. She was now old, subdued, and attached to the family, and especially to Father Pedro.

‘The family estates were three in number. One lying on the sea-coast was called ‘The Bay.’ Another, more to the inland, was called ‘The Sapphire,’ from its commanding a view of the blue ocean. The third, and by far the finest, was called the ‘Man in Armor,’ from a fanciful decoration to the façade of the house — an effigy of a man in full armor lying beneath each window — the proprietor having paid this tribute to his love of ‘merrie England’ in her feudal days.

‘Vickars grew nigh to death, and prepared to resign all these possessions. As the body gave way, the mind came back, and summoning his lawyer, he dictated as follows :

‘I have three estates, and I pray to God that I may still have three children. My fine estate, called the ‘Man in Armor,’ I give to my son Philip, if he be living; and I give it in trust to my son William, to keep for him, twenty years. If, at the expiration of that time, he is not heard from, it becomes the property of William. My estate of ‘The Bay’ I give to my son William, My estate of ‘The Sapphire’ I give to my daughter Annunciata.’

‘And other provisions followed, which do not affect this story.

‘This will was signed by Vickars, in the presence of his son William, his lawyer, and one Mr. Agayo, a Spanish gentleman, who owned an adjoining estate, and, unnoticed by all of them, old *Lanta*, who was busy in the room.

‘Poor Annunciata, whose youth had been withered by these events, after paying the last sad offices of respect to the remains of her father, departed for England, to the relatives whom she had never seen, hoping to receive some alleviation to the grief which consumed her.

‘Meanwhile her brother employed himself in altering and refitting his houses, particularly the ‘Man in Armor.’ He sent away all the slaves pertaining to it to his other plantations, and employed some Spaniards, who had newly arrived on the island.

‘One day, as he was surveying the façade, he muttered to himself,

‘Almost large enough for a man’s body.’ He started as he heard a step behind him, but felt reassured, as he saw only old Lanta.

‘After giving her a sound rebuke for lounging about, he sent her away; but her curiosity was aroused, and she determined to watch him.

‘About this time the island was very much agitated by the report that Mr. Agayo was found dead in his bed. In these islands, the events are so few that one such thing as this, which does not attract much notice in a larger place, fills the minds of the whole population. He had been at a dinner the night before, had drunk freely, but had gone home perfectly well, and that was all that was known.

‘Before this event had ceased to be a topic of conversation, the dinner-parties of the island were enlivened by a very different rumor, which was, that the lost heir of the ‘Man in Armor’ was alive, and coming to claim his own again. It at first was a rumor, but soon became more, by the arrival of a letter from Father Pedro to William, which read thus :

‘‘God be with you, my son, and give you satisfaction in the tidings I bring. Your brother, whom you believed dead, is alive! I found him in the holy convent of Santa Maria, injured in mind and body, but still, I hope, capable of improvement. The holy brothers of the convent found him bruised and bleeding at the foot of a precipice. They took him up and tenderly cared for him. His memory is affected much, and he may never quite recover it. He can recall nothing of the robber-troop, of whom you have so vivid a recollection, but remembers something of riding with you up a mountain-pass, when his horse stumbled, and he fell. He cannot approach this place without emotions almost overpowering. The holy brothers tell me that they see a change for the better in him in the last year, and I need not tell you that he knew me, and will accompany me back to that home from which a mysterious fate has so long withheld him.

‘‘My blessing to my child, Annunciata! Your father! I have heard he is dead! I pray for the repose of his soul. May our Lady and the Saints pray for him!

‘‘Thine, in the hope of Heaven,

PEDRO.’

‘How William received this intelligence history does not inform us; but before Father Pedro and Philip arrived, another sudden death startled the inhabitants. The old lawyer who drew up the will and witnessed the signature was thrown from his horse and killed; and now suspicions became rife, for William had been seen in his company not long before.

‘Still justice, always tardy where the suspicious person is rich and powerful, took no notice of these things, though private individuals were much excited about them.

‘In this state was the public when Father Pedro and Philip arrived; the latter feeble and shattered, but still a reasonable man.

‘As soon as decency would allow, after the arrival of Philip, Father Pedro suggested to William that it was proper for him to resign the house and estate of the ‘Man in Armor’ to its rightful owner, as he had

heard the conditions of the will mentioned by many of the inhabitants. William coolly replied that he believed it to be in the possession of that person now, and produced a will, signed by his father, witnessed by the lawyer and Mr. Agayo, the principal features of which were these :

‘That the two largest estates were the property of William, the smaller being the property of Annunciata ; no mention being made of Philip whatever.

‘Many persons on the Island had heard of the original will, many had talked with the deceased gentlemen about it ; but still no one had any personal knowledge of it.

‘Father Pedro was not to be so easily discouraged, and asked several influential men to go with him to the ‘Man in Armor,’ confront William, tell him of their suspicions, and ascertain what they could.

‘William received them all in the most undaunted manner, declared his determination to maintain his rights, and put all suspicion at defiance.

‘How do you dare, gentlemen, because one man dies in his bed, and another falls from his horse, to say that I have murdered them, or caused them to be murdered ? Why do you believe that, because I inherit my father’s estates — he believing himself to have no other son — that, therefore, I have forged a will ? Produce your proofs, gentlemen, of my guilt ; produce one connecting link between me and the death of these men, and I will abdicate in favor of my brother, a feeble and broken man, who shall have the care and support he requires, but who never shall hold the position of power and proprietorship which I hold.’

‘A low, fiendish laugh was the only sound which broke the stillness after this speech of William’s. Old Zanta had stolen in as he spoke, and now stood behind Father Pedro’s chair uttering her broken and almost unintelligible sounds.

‘William sprang at her, but an athletic man near him held him down in his chair, while the old woman spoke, brandishing a vial in her hand :

‘He kill him ! he kill Mr. Agayo ! He ask him to drink the night before he die ; he put this in his cup ! He kill de old lawyer ; he knock him off his horse under de cotton-wood tree. I watch him ! Dere is more like dis in his dressin’-case, and *something else*, too !

‘The old woman watched him growing livid under her words, and darted toward him. ‘You kill my daughter, too ; you say you love her ; you beat her, you break her heart. I break your heart !’ The old creature fell on the floor uttering wild shrieks. Like all her imaginative and savage race, she could be wily and quiet for a time ; but the terrible flood would come at last, and now it overwhelmed her.

‘The gentlemen gathered around William. Father Pedro and one other were dispatched for the dressing-case. In it was discovered several vials of poison, and, in a secret top, the original will, the contents of which have been before stated.

‘William recovered his coolness somewhat, begged of the gentlemen to remember that the word of a slave was not of value as testimony, but surrendered himself a prisoner, and desired that legal opinion should be obtained at once, as he would then clear himself.

‘He walked into a small room near the hall-door, from which there was no egress except the window and door, both of which were effectually guarded.

‘Six men remained through the night, two walking up and down before the window, two in front of the door, and two more threw themselves on the couches in the hall, waiting to relieve their comrades.

‘In the morning the dignitaries of the Islands arrived, the door of the room was opened, but the prisoner was gone.

‘The men who had guarded the window had not left their post; the door was securely guarded; there was no other opening to the room. It seemed as if he must have entered the solid wall.

‘However, he was gone. The search for him proved utterly unsuccessful, and was given up. Gradually he ceased to be talked about. There were wild rumors of his having been seen in a boat, pulling for some ship; but nothing very definite was known.

‘Perhaps a year after this sudden disappearance, Annunciata came back from England. She was followed by an English gentleman to whom she had promised her hand; and, finding her brother Philip much improved in mind and body, she determined to celebrate her marriage at his house, and endeavor to break the chain of dreadful events which had followed one another under the roof of the ‘Man in Armor.’

‘The marriage day of Annunciata arrived. They had deemed it proper to show their sense of the neighborly kindness of their friends, and invite them to be present. Although the fate of William hung over them like a dark cloud, yet their conviction of his crimes, and his harsh and unbrotherly conduct toward them, had blotted out the love of kindred, and they had got to look upon him as something mysterious and dreadful, and to try to forget him.

‘The wedding was arranged with great state, as became the wealth and social position of the parties. The planters, in their beautiful equipages, drew up before the superb entrance of the ‘Man in Armor.’ The negroes, in holiday costume, filled the grounds. Numbers of them from the other estates, with their bright-colored dresses and white turbans, came on in processions, bringing flowers to throw before the bride.

‘About five in the evening, as the grateful sea-breeze began to spring up, the bridal troupe walked to the church, where the faithful Father Pedro pronounced the marriage vows and benediction.

‘Returning to the house, refreshments were served in the grounds. As the bride and her immediate friends were retiring to the grand saloon, a rocket ascended from the remote corner of the garden. The guests immediately hastened thither, thinking that their hospitable entertainers had provided a new treat for them. The rockets drew the attention of the bridal party in the saloon, and they all crowded to the windows, for they were as much surprised as their guests. They were soon absorbed in something more startling still. The sound of groans, proceeding they knew not whence, followed by clanking of metal, and a heavy fall.

‘Immediately a servant rushed in, seized Father Pedro’s robe, and

drew him to the outside of the house. There, detached from the window, lay one of the 'Men in Armor,' leaving a ghastly opening in the wall of the house. A few, bolder than the rest, drew near and discovered the horrible truth. Within the 'Man in Armor' was the body of William, stifled in his own ingenious contrivance. Poetic justice could not have demanded a more fitting termination to such a career. The fastenings of the mouth-piece of the casque, made to fly open at a touch, had grown rusty with the dampness, and had resisted all efforts to open them.

'The confessions of a Spaniard, shortly after apprehended for some crime or other, supplied the deficiencies in this story. William had designed this hiding-place to afford him a refuge in that day when retribution should find him. It was a suit of armor, painted to match the stone effigies which ornamented the house, and ingeniously fitted to a small closet in the wall of the house. He had used it successfully on the night of his escape, remaining quietly in it while his guards were in the house, and letting himself out when they had all gone. It was true that he had escaped in a boat to one of the lesser islands, where he was not known, returning sometimes in the night, and always determining to be revenged on his brother and Father Pedro.

'The wedding having come to his knowledge, he determined to use his infernal hiding-place on that occasion; to issue from it at nightfall, to bury his murderous knife in the heart of his unoffending brother, and to escape the way he came. The rockets were of his invention, and this same agent of his who revealed his story had charge of them.

'While the people were gone to the church he crept to the house and shut himself in his hiding-place. His horrible death from suffocation had caused such convulsive struggles that the 'Man in Armor' was torn from its fastenings, and fell, with its still palpitating inmate, to the ground. It never was returned, and a stone was plainly fitted in the place of it.

'Annunciata, her husband, and brother departed for England. The house has never been inhabited since.'

My friend paused and looked out upon the land which we were just approaching in the gray dawn.

'I am the inheritor of this estate through my relationship to Annunciata's husband. They died childless. Philip died young and unmarried. All this happened fifty years ago, but I feel as if it were yesterday when I see the place.'

After landing, we stepped into a carriage and drove over one of the finest hard roads I had seen for many years, through the unsurpassed luxuriance of the tropical verdure. After an hour we approached the 'Man in Armor.' A noble gate-way commanded my attention. My friend drove in. Grounds which might have adorned the palace of a grand duke, opened to my view. Artificial rivers wound through the garden. Trees and flowers, planted with much taste, adorned the lawn. Before me arose a noble façade. The 'Man in Armor' was gilded by the morning sun. Under each window I observed the characteristic effigy, save one. One of the 'Men in Armor,' marshaled by some

untimely resurrection, had left his brothers-in-arms, awaiting their turn.

As we took our coffee in the once grand saloon, and were waited upon by the dusky old woman who might have been old Zanta herself, I felt powerfully the melancholy influence of the place, and did not wonder that my friend had grown pale under the weight of such an inheritance.

'T I M E T O G E T U P.'

'Time to get up!' I dread the sound
Of the little voice that calls at my door,
And the little feet that come with a bound,
When showers of golden sun-shine pour
Into my chamber, where I lie
Half-awake and half-asleep,
Chasing bright shadows that come and die,
Like sun-set glories o'er the deep.
Eluding me still as I seek to clasp
Its airy form, each beautiful Dream
Wavers a moment within my grasp;
Wantons like mist away from the stream,
That goeth rejoicing, and laugheth aloud;
For he knoweth his love, at the close of the day,
Will float to his arms from her home in the cloud,
And there till the dawn of the morrow will stay:
Wafted aloft in a magical car,
Sailing along in a shadowy boat:
Wherever the regions of fancy are
Brightest and fairest, I seem to float.

'Time to get up!'—it levels all
The fairy fabrics Sleep hath wrought;
I sorrow as much to see them fall
As if they were children of waking Thought,
Gotten of Labor, reared with care,
Block by block, toward the sky,
And not the perishing birth of Air,
Sired by sleepless Phantasy.
Hath a Phantom life in its pulseless cheek,
That my heart should throb when it cometh near,
Or thrill, if its sembled lips should speak
In the soft, low tones I love to hear?
Ah! no; but I sorrow that aught unreal
As true and fair as the real should seem,
And tremble to think how much I steal
From the treasures of Sleep for a waking dream,
That will pass as the dreams of the night have passed,
Will fade, as all earthly dreams must fade,
And leave me awakened, *alone* at last,
To sigh o'er a life to dreams betrayed.

March, 1855.

C. H. H.

WHAT THE YOUNG MAN SAW IN BROADWAY.

SUGGESTED BY A WELL KNOWN ENGRAVING.

BY MEISTER KARL.

I.

I STOOD on the steps of the ASTOR,
And gazed at the living tide
Of vehicles down the middle,
And people up either side.

II.

And I saw a maid who was 'pumpkins,'
In a shawl of real Cashmere,
Jump down from the step of a carriage,
While her robe 'got caught' in the rear.

III.

Oh! the robe was of *moire antique*,
(A very expensive 'rag:')

But a skirt peeped out below it,
And *that* was a coffee-bag.

IV.

I knew it had once held coffee,
Though now 't was another thing;
For on it was 'FINE OLD JAVA,'
Y-marked in store-black-ing.

V.

And I thought, as she gained the side-walk,
And the 'muslin' again was furled;
How much those out-skirts and *in*-skirts
Were like man's heart in the world.

VI.

How many a Pharisee humbug
Plays a life-long game of brag;
His words all silk and velvet,
And his heart but a coffee-bag!

VII.

And I turned me in to the ASTOR,
For my heart was beginning to sink,
And I told the tale to my brother,
And it rung him in for a drink.

VIII.

It rung him in for cock-tails,
And then to myself I confessed,
When I thought how I came by the 'ardent,'
That I was as bad as the rest.

D E P A R T E D D A Y I N T H E A L P S .

THE day is gone, and in the west the glows
Are like the smiles upon the recent dead,
And clouds, with pallid looks, walk over-head;
A flush of tears they here and there disclose:
Like altars decked with wreaths of gold and rose,
The icy mountains stand with light o'er-spread,
Each pinnacle the lingering rays to shed,
Seems like a taper that a glimmer throws.
While Evening slowly, like a black-robed nun,
In veils of mist comes up the mountain-side
To say her masses for departed Sun,
And tell her dewy beads, and drop them wide;
And as she rises to the heavenly meeting,
The saint-like stars come out to give her greeting.

T H E C O L D U G E A N T .

BY HUME GREENFIELD.

A PLEASANT little village in Courmayeur, nestling snugly amid pastures, within full view of the 'Monarch' and his satellites, all robed in 'pale blue.' Very pleasant is the rosy John Bull countenance of mine host of the Albergo del Angelo. Excellent was the table, good the wines, and hilarious (for Italian) the company among whom I descended on the thirty-first of July last past. Not quite so favored was I in point of weather. It rained as if it intended to water the land for the rest of the season. All is for the best. But for this out-pouring of the elements, not only should I have remained in ignorance of all those excellencies I have enumerated above, but I should have missed seeing the Dora Balka thundering down the valley, grinding huge boulders against each other, as a boy might a pocket-full of marbles, ever and anon sweeping past the débris of some mountain bridge, or tossing a huge pine along, that might have formed 'the mast of some tall admiral.' Moreover, I had a full view of a débacle on a small scale, descending from the Pain-au-Sucre, a conical mountain bounding the other side of the valley. On examination, it was found that a large pasture had been totally ruined, the wind also destroying the pastor's garden, and missing the parsonage by a mere hair's-breadth. No lives lost. Good! All the crop pretty well got in. Good again! My guide, Chabot, tells me that after this we may as well start, and the whole village turns out to see me off; the Italians all shrugging their shoulders at such romantic nonsense as climbing a hill for a mere view. Here follow, in my note-book, sundry reflections not very complimentary

to the '*dolce far niente*' of the Italians, with which I shall not trouble the reader. I was alone :

'*Meipso totus, teres, atque rotundus.*'

Alone, but not solitary. I had Chabot, commonly called Turin, perhaps the best guide that can be obtained for the pass, as he has crossed it five times oftener than any other man on either side. His courage, strength, politeness, and local knowledge cannot be exceeded even among Alpine guides, and I can scarcely give a higher character. Likewise, I had two other paid guides, and another who was in his pupilage, and accompanied us to learn, he having never crossed the Col du Geant, nor seen the Mex de Glace. Of course he was not paid. But no ! I was *not* alone. I seemed to be in the very temple of the unseen God. A sense of the fulness of His presence comes over the mind of every traveller in the high Alps. A sense of the omnipotence that could rear such tremendous masses in obedience to simple laws, and hurl them down as the mere play-things of His might. A sense of the wonderful goodness that has stored away fertilizing streams in everlasting reservoirs. A sense of the majestic and beautiful, as the eye wanders from the summit of one of these lofty 'cols,' over soft, smiling plains, green upland pasturages, rocks awfully torn and rent, which overhang the little hamlet that breaks the uniformity of the valley beneath in the fore-ground, and above and around, and beneath the feet, far and near, gloomily threatening, or grandly picturesque, deathly still, or more solemn in sound than a cathedral bell, waved here and spreading there, the vast, ghastly, strangely fascinating, ever-changing, ever-enduring ice-fields. A man *cannot* here be alone !

Before proceeding farther, I had better have a touch at the geographical. Running west from the convent of the grand St. Bernard is the Val de Ferret, to which the name of Allée Blanche has been given, from the number of glaciers (seven) that run into it. About mid-way in this valley, which is about fourteen miles long, from the Col de Ferret to the Col de la Seigne, a lateral valley, six miles long, opens, to carry off the water-courses of these various glaciers, the whole forming the Dora. This is called the Val d'Entrèves, and in it is Courmayeur, in full view of the Aiguille du Geant, and other high officers of the household. From the south end of this valley the Dora continues its course south-easterly to Aosta, while from the valley to the right, in a west-south-westerly direction, a torrent comes down from the Petit St. Bernard, which I had crossed from the Tarrentaise. Parallel with this Val de Ferret, and separated by the Great Chain, is the Val de Chamouny. *The passage, therefore, of the Col du Geant implies the descent of the Mer de Glace in its entire length.*

At half-past five in the afternoon of Thursday, the third, we started with plenty of provisions, etc., leaving thus early, as we would probably have to make a considerable detour, the storm of the preceding day having made a clean sweep of all the bridges near. About two miles from Courmayeur, the path passes the bath-house and reaches the junction of the valleys, when the whole mass of Mont Blanc, the seven gla-

ciers, the gloomy Col de la Seigne, the green Col de Ferret, and the various Aiguilles all come into view at once. I have seen both sides of the chain, and I pronounce the Allée Blanche incomparably more sublime than the valley of Chamouny. However, '*de gustibus, non*,' etc. Albert Smith has told the cocknies the reverse, and who shall dispute his dictum?

We now crossed the torrent and began the ascent in earnest. Our first encounter was with the débris of the moraine of the Glacier d'Entrèves, below which we were to pass, and keep between it and the Glacier du Livre. 'Now came still evening on,' as we wound slowly up a zigzag path leading to the high pastures. The scene from here was most enchanting. The sun had long set upon Courmayeur, of which only the white church and the barrack-like hotel could be distinguished in the twilight. We had attained an elevation level with the 'Pain-au-Sucre,' about three thousand feet above the valley. The Crammont rose behind the Pain-au-Sucre, all replendent in green and gold. Farther away were other out-lyers, all bathed in light. Far in the distance, through the openings, might be dimly discerned the plains of Italy.

'And ever as I gazed away,
The setting sun's sad rays were seen.' *

But above! High over me rose the Aiguille du Geant, in shape like a vast truncated obelisk of unhewn porphyry, relieved with gold as the sun struck the angles of rock. At his feet, but still far above me, wave after wave of the glacier streamed down, all seeming within two minutes' walk, whereas a good hour would barely have brought us to their edge. Farther west were singular crags, like monks, like the teeth of a saw, like fifty fantastic caricatures of every-day objects, some cunningly relieved with snow of a deep crimson cast, others brazening it out with their rocky faces in the pure bright light; and high above all the south-west slope of the 'MONARCH,' tenderly touched with lilac, pure, ineffably pure, effulgent, as it were a halo of glory, that gradually deepened into carnation, and died away in solemn, contemplative gray. I stood out in front of our encampment, and recalled the exquisite lines of Langhorne:

'T was when on softest summer eve
Of clouds that wander west away,
Twilight, with gentle hand, doth weave
Her fairy robe of night and day.'

We now prepared to encamp. A huge stone, like the Trevethy stone in Cornwall, had, in the horse-play of these regions, been tilted up on two others, leaving a snug hollow place beneath. Upon an adjoining boulder was a natural hogshhead of delicious cool water, concerning which Chabot entertained certain opinions, savoring so strongly of the marvellous that I shall not put them down in this veracious narrative. Next they collected fire-wood, and left one of their number to light and look after it. There was a natural chimney, so we were not blinded nor suffocated by the smoke. The other three

* CRABBE.

went down to where a chalet had once stood, and brought up some planks, which were to be our couches, with the knapsacks for pillows. Just room for four, the fifth keeping watch. It was quarter to nine and quite dark before we got all through, when the lamps were lit, (we had two,) and the feast commenced. It would need the pen of an Irving to do justice to it. There was chamois-flesh, tender as young chicken; white bread, baked that morning; hard eggs; roast veal, with the browning on; salt, pepper, and mustard; and to wash down all this manna in the wilderness, there was clear cold water, from Chabot's rock in the desert, generous Bordeaux, some wine of the country, (the truth will out: it was d-d-etestable,) and, to crown all, my own private — P. P. of Otard, hoarded carefully for such emergencies, as I have but little faith in the Cognac sold in Italy. We sang, laughed, told stories, consulted as to to-morrow's route, till, at half-past ten, we topped off with a 'smile' all round, and went to roost. I never slept sounder, only once awakening, as some grand crash announced our proximity to the glacier.

We were to start at half-past three, so as to reach the summit of the pass by about seven. In a very few minutes, we were under weigh, lighting our steps in part by the lantern, Cimmerian darkness below, and above the first faint glimmer of the soft, sad dawn, that always reminds me of the resignation of deep sorrow in a Christian. As we mounted higher and higher, the dawn became brighter, the west began gradually to reflect the tints, and a series of marvellous landscapes, such as I have never seen in a lengthened experience, came in view, each eliciting, even from the guides, an enthusiasm of admiration that became almost painful. First our majestic neighbor caught the first rays of the sun, and almost immediately after, the guide made me remark the distant peak of Monte Rosa, followed by Mont Ceroin, putting on the purple tinge that invariably attends sun-light on snow, while the rays are yet level. The vast mass of Mont Velan, and the grand brown mass of the Géant next assumed the same robe, while the lower peaks, Mont d'Iséran, Monte Viso in the far distance, Petit St. Bernard, and many others retained the cold neutral color of early day-break. Below was still profound darkness, with the exception of the reflection from the peaks already illuminated on the pain-au-sucre, and barely distinguishable on the white church of Courmayeur. A faint gray cloud in the horizon marked Italy. Presently all these lower slopes caught the rays, and Courmayeur came into view, still dusky, and so close that apparently we could have thrown a stone into it. We were by this time on a narrow ridge, between two glaciers, and looking over that to the west, we had the whole immense glacier of La Brenva spread out before us. By six, the sun had dispelled the vapors from the plains of Italy, and from this, till we reached the summit of the col at half-past seven, and up till nine o'clock, I feasted my eyes on the most wonderful view, I suppose, in the world. It comprises the whole chain of Alps from Monte Rosa, past the grand chain, by the French Alps, to the maritime Alps over Nice; thence eastward to the Appenines over Lucca. In the interspace lay, like a panorama, the whole of Lombardy. With my glass, I easily found Milan, the Super-

gha over Turin, and Turin itself, Novara, Coni on the hill, and beyond this a glimpse of the Mediterranean. Stretched like death amid life among the green pasturages, were the glaciers of the Ruitor and the Iseran, and immediately below, the beautiful little green valley of Gutrèves, the Grammont and other mountains bounding it, seeming like so many conical 'skeps.' * At the very summit is the spot where De Saussure spent sixteen days in observations, the weather, by a rare piece of good fortune, being absolutely unclouded during his entire stay. To the west, in full view of his little hut, (which has long since disappeared,) rises yet three thousand six hundred feet higher the superb round white summit of Mont Blanc. He appears just as high here as he does from Chamouny, and is equally oppressive by his towering grandeur. I have but faintly described the leading features of this marvellous landscape, of which I drank in the details for a couple of hours. I did not find it cold, nor, as I dreaded, did I find that the great height (twelve thousand three hundred English feet) perceptibly affected my breathing.

After breakfasting here, for which meal, however, I had no appetite, we again packed the knapsacks. Hitherto we had skirted the snow-slopes only in one place, on the knife-like edge I have mentioned, actually walking on snow. Our progress had been necessarily slow, from the necessity of climbing the huge boulders that formed the steps of this natural stair-case. A slip of the foot would have broken a bone or dislocated a joint, but would hardly have been fatal. Accordingly we each picked our steps as we pleased, Chabot here and there giving me a helping hand, and turning round every moment to warn me to plant my whole foot, rather than the ball of the foot and toes merely. It requires a little practice to get into this, but once acquired, the habit is invaluable for saving the foot from strain. Our progress henceforth was to be over snow and among yawning crévasses, terribly beautiful in their blue depths. Accordingly we proceeded to lash ourselves to a long rope, leaving a clear space of ten feet between each couple. This rope is about a quarter of an inch thick, and is securely knotted round the waist. Here, for the first time, Chabot discovered that I had neither nails in my boots, nor crampons. I had made no preparation on this occasion for walking in the Alps, and on the glaciers I had already visited I never had worn nails. Chabot shook his head, but we resolved to proceed, as the weather was clear, and the snow pretty firm. Our Alpen-stocks and an ice-spade completed our equipment, as we, or rather I, scorned the use of veils or spectacles.

I must again have recourse to topography, in order to be clearly understood. The Col du Geant is the lowest depression between Mont Blanc and the Aiguille of that name. It is a vast plateau of level snow-field about three miles square, and here it is that the name, Mer de Glaces, was first given, which has been since applied to the whole glacier. The highest point of the glacier comes of course from the north-east slope of Mont-Blanc. The next most lofty is that from La Grande Gorasse, an aiguille about two miles to the east of the Geant.

* Scotiè, bee-hives.

The glacier on which I now was standing is the third in point of elevation, but by far the first in point of magnitude. Several other minor glaciers, as the Talèfre, etc., swell the mass, which finally escapes below the Montauvert, as all the world knows. Where the first and third of these glaciers meet, is a precipice, down which the two ice-streams are precipitated. From this point it still continues falling, but more gradually, till it receives glacier number two, called the Tacul, on the south-east corner. It now runs pretty near due north, and receives, still on the same side, the Talèfre, (on which is the Jardin,) and still lower another small glacier. On the opposite side it receives the Glacier de Charmoz, and several others, streaming down from the ridge, where the slope supplies the Glacier des Bossons. I was consequently standing in the midst of a panorama of lofty peaks, except to the north, where the stream seemed to be stopped by the Brévent, on the opposite side of the valley of Chamouny. This premised, we may proceed.

The path rises for a few minutes, to attain the level of the plateau I have mentioned, the snow at this elevation being quite crisp, and therefore very pleasant walking. Before we got past the snow-field, however, which might be an hour and a-half after leaving the col, the sun began to acquire power, the upper crust gave way, and at every few steps I was engulfed to my waist. This was discouraging; however, Chabot showed me how to put my feet down (there is method in every thing) so as to avoid sinking. Here you must walk as much as possible on your toes. As we advanced, we could trace distinctly the track of a party who had crossed a fortnight previous, one of whom was a lady, being the fourth of the 'strong-minded' who have passed. We could also mark the progress made by the glacier in that time, as the track led to a crêvasse ten feet wide, which must have been little more than a foot in width at the time of their passage. The crêvasses here are very treacherous, the snow lying, as I have said, nearly level, and covering them but thinly. There is the danger also of putting one's foot in it, in a most literal sense, and thereby breaking the bone. The light now began to assume a most singular appearance. I had expected to have found it ghastly and intensely white, whereas it assumed a nearly orange tint, and made the red mass of the Aiguille du Géant assume a dark shade of purple. The sky was the deepest violet, but that I had expected. But the distant Brévent puzzled me most. It ought, I thought, to be a few shades lighter than the Géant, whereas it assumed a most intense green, with every now and then a wavy, flickering motion, like the rarefied air in the neighborhood of a hot-pipe, but infinitely more rapid and extensive. Chabot said he had but once seen the like in twenty years that he had been crossing the mountains. It was evidently the result of different currents of different temperatures, and was a most singular phenomenon.

We now halted, looked to the fastenings, and took a toothful of friend Otard to brace our energies to the task before us. We were now about to descend the dreaded ice-precipice, where the three glaciers meet. Seen from below, it presents an awful aspect, with huge pinnacles of blue ice towering to a height of eighty and a hundred feet, with deep, well-shaped crêvasses, bridged over by slight arches of snow-

covered ice, that you would think could scarce bear the weight of a chamois. These, where they occur, are used by the traveller; but occasionally he comes upon a series of isolated peaks without any connection. In order to extricate himself from these *culs de sac*, a light ladder is carried, and left at a particular spot, for the next guide passing in an opposite direction. The ladder is invariably sloped, and the traveller is requested by the guide to plant his feet at the outside edge of each round, so as to apply the pressure as much as possible longitudinally. As soon as all have passed, the ladder is handed forward to the leading guide. I may remark here that whoever is the leading guide, to him implicit obedience is paid by his fellows. They may make a suggestion, but if over-ruled, not another word is heard. Occasionally we got into a well, whose sides were solid ice. Then Chabot bid us remain quite quiet, while he disengaged himself from the rope, and with the ice-spade cut steps to the top of one of the bergs, from which he could survey the glacier. He would then return, having fixed upon his route, and proceed with spade and ladder to get us out. On one of these occasions, his foot slipped, and down we all went into a *crêvasse*, with the exception of the last man — the weight of the other three coming upon my unfortunate ribs with a shock that I thought must have broken them. Indeed I should have been seriously injured if the two leaders had not checked their descent, by inserting their Alpen-stocks into the ice. I got great praise from Chabot for not losing my Alpen-stock. He seemed to think it a good joke, so I plucked up courage, though a minute before, I would not have given a cent for the lives of any of us. Number five sat himself down and pulled us out of our tribulation with as much *sang froid*, and apparently as little exertion, as I might a couple of books. The strength of these men is something marvellous. This man Chabot, forty years of age, has a slight but weather-beaten look, and would not, at first sight, be supposed capable of great efforts of strength, yet I have seen him do things with apparently no exertion, that would have tasked to the utmost twice my strength. In these matters the first requisite is practice, the second practice, and the third practice. Thus we continued for four hours, till at length we passed the most dangerous portion, and had fair glacier-travel the remainder of the way. We had a break in the monotony in the shape of a stone avalanche on our right, that ploughed up the ice with an awful roaring, reëchoed from every crag and ice-pinnacle around, till we could not hear ourselves speak. It was full five minutes before the roar ceased, and then all was once more deathly still. I now overtook several parties from the Jardin, with whom I fraternised, and at half-past five found myself at the Montauvert, where tea, iced water, and venison hashed restored my weakened strength. It was very singular, but I could not eat one mouthful while on the ice, so that I had eaten nothing since the previous evening. I then descended to Chamouny, took a hot bath, and went to bed. Next morning, I had not the slightest fatigue, nor did I at all suffer from the excursion, except losing the skin of my face and lips, from which, however, I soon recovered.

D O T H E Y M I S S M E A T H O M E ?

BY TRAVELLER.

I.

Do they miss me at home? — do they miss me?
 'T would be an assurance most dear
 To know that my name was forgotten,
 As though I had never been there.

II.

To know that the tailor and landlord,
 And the banks where my paper is due,
 And hosts whom I now cannot mention,
 Had banished me quite from their view.

III.

Do they miss me at home? — do they miss me,
 When the market for money is 'tight,'
 And collectors with haste are pursuing
 Their debtors by day and by night?

IV.

Do the friends who once loaned me a 'fifty,'
 And the others, that loaned me a 'ten,'
 Heave a sigh of regret as they miss me,
 And wish they could see me again?

V.

Do they miss me at home? — do they miss me
 When no longer I'm seen upon 'Change,
 And do those who were wont to assist me,
 Say 'His conduct's infernally strange?'

VI.

Does the SHYLOCK who loaned me his money
 To bear me to regions unknown,
 Look in vain for occasion to dun me,
 And wish I again were at home?

VII.

Do they miss me at home? — do they miss me?
 'T would be an assurance most dear,
 To know that my name was forgotten,
 As though I had never been there.

VIII.

But I know that my memory lingers
 Around the dear place as I roam,
 And while I've my wits and my creepers,
 They'll miss me, they'll miss me at home!

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

PIONEER LIFE: OR, THIRTY YEARS A HUNTER: Being Scenes and Adventures in the Life of PHILIP TOME, fifteen years Interpreter for CORN-PLANTER and GOV. BLACK-SNAKE, chiefs on the Alleghany River. In one volume: pp. 238. Buffalo: Published for the AUTHOR.

EVER since the days when the mighty NEMROD, at the head of his bold hunters, laid low the maned lion and the tusky boar on the broad plains of Mesopotamia, the life of the hunter has been second in glory only to the life of the warrior. By the winter fire-side, when sated with tales of battle and of broil, men have gladly turned, for means to while away the lingering hours, to the more beneficent adventures of those who risked their lives, not in destroying their brethren, but in slaying, for the peaceful husbandmen, those powerful and noxious animals that destroyed his crops or devoured his children; so that he might possess the land in peace, and make the desert to blossom as the rose.

In our own time, CUMMING in Southern, and GERARD in Northern Africa have fully asserted the capability of man to contend single-handed against the mightiest monarchs of the waste and wold; and in our own country, in a long line from North to South are dotted here and there the hardy hunters of the West, who form the front line of our advancing civilization, and unflinchingly drive back the snarling and growling denizens of the woods and prairies, picking out all perils from the path of empire. Nor have many years elapsed since the same war was waged on our Atlantic border. Here and there, in the by-places of the land, may still be seen gray-headed veterans who have tracked the panther and the wolf through the dim forest, where now the waving wheat-field and the smiling village shine in their summer pride. During the long nights of winter, when the cold north winds blow, they spin their yarns around the roaring fire, to the delight of a sympathizing audience, composed in part of their own descendants; and occasionally, with the assistance of the village school-master, venture into the realms of print.

While on a boating excursion down the Alleghany River, it was our for-

tune to encounter one of these — a veritable Pennsylvania NIMROD; and we propose to give the KNICKERBOCKER's extended 'public' some idea of him and of his book.

PHILIP TOME, according to his own account, was born near the site of Harrisburg, in the year 1782. His parents were of German extraction, and the first sentence of his preface gives some idea of his life: 'In presenting the following incidents of my life to the public, I do not intend to claim for it beauty of expression; for it is the production of one born in the wilderness, one who is more conversant with the howl of the wolf and panther and the whoop of the savage, than the tones of oratory, as heard in civilized life.'

TOME, it appears, furnished the facts, and the school-master of Corydon (his place of residence) wrote them out for him. Their want of connection smacks of the hardy hunter more than of the polished author. We proceed, however, to pluck a few of his wild flowers to make a nose-gay for our readers:

BEAR EATING HONEY.

'Once, while I was in the woods hunting, I heard a noise like that made by a bear while in a tree after nuts. It seemed somewhat strange, as it was not the season for nuts, and after reconnoitering for some time, I discovered a bear high up on a dead pine-tree, scratching and pawing at the wood very industriously. I resolved to ascertain the cause of his strange conduct, and seated myself where I could see the performance. In about half an hour he had penetrated the shell, and, thrusting in his paws, he brought them out loaded with honey. The bees flew at him, stinging his head, paws, and tongue. He rubbed his head with his reeking paws, but did not allow the stings to interrupt his feast for a moment. He continued to gorge himself, and growl his impotent rage at his little tormentors, until I had witnessed enough, when I called loudly to him. He looked at me, but was so intent upon his repast that he paid but little attention. I repeated my call, and swung my hat, when he comprehended the nature of the intruder, and, letting go his hold, he dropped to the ground and made a precipitate retreat.'

BEAR EATING CHERRIES.

'Once, when out on a deer-hunt, my wanderings having led me to a grove of tall cherry-trees, I heard a crackling and rustling over-head. After looking and listening a while, I perceived a bear in a lofty cherry-tree gathering the fruit, it being the season when it was ripe. He would break and drop to the earth the large limbs, which were covered with fruit, watching each limb until it reached the ground, and if one lodged on a lower branch, he went down and liberated it. I observed his proceedings for fifteen or twenty minutes, and then, concealing myself behind a tree, I called to him at the top of my voice. If a sudden shock of an earthquake had prostrated the tree in which he was stationed, BEVIN could not have experienced more astonishment than he exhibited at the sound of my voice breaking the stillness of the forest. He raised himself upon his haunches, and stood looking eagerly around, with a ludicrous mixture of astonishment and defiance. I stepped out from my concealment, and again called, when, with a loud cry of terror, he slipped off the limb, but while still grasping it with his fore-paws he looked to the ground. The tree leaned over a small precipice, and if he relinquished his hold he must fall at least a hundred feet. He hung there, apparently balancing the matter in his mind, for a few minutes, when his dread of man prevailed, and gradually relaxing his hold, he fell heavily to the earth, rolled up like a ball. He quickly recovered from the shock, and, straightening himself out, he made the best possible use of his legs, and was soon out of sight.'

A TRUE HUNTER.

‘With a true hunter it is not the destruction of life which affords the pleasure of the chase; it is the excitement attendant upon the very uncertainty of it which induces men even to leave luxurious homes and expose themselves to the hardships and perils of the wilderness. Even when, after a weary chase, the game is brought down, he cannot, after the first thrill of triumph, look without a pang of remorse upon the form which was so beautifully adapted to its situation, and which his hand has reduced to a mere lump of flesh. But with us, who made our homes in the wilderness, there was a stronger motive than love of excitement for seeking out and destroying the denizens of the forest. We did it in obedience to the primal law of nature; for the subsistence or defence of ourselves and those whom we were bound by the ties of nature to support and defend. When neither of these demanded the destruction of an animal, I never felt any desire to harm it.’

SHE-BEARS.

‘It is often dangerous to meet an old she-bear with her cubs, although the old one will endeavor to escape with her young; but the simple creatures will often come directly up to a man when they meet him, and the enraged dam will attack him with a fury which leaves him no hope but in his weapon. If he attempts to flee, the cubs will follow him, which increases the rage of the old bear. A few years since I was near the south bank of the Alleghany River, in Cattaraugus county, New-York, examining a road which had been made for drawing logs, when I observed three black animals approaching me, but, thinking they were hogs, I paid no attention to them. When I again looked in the same direction they were but a short distance from me, and I perceived that it was a bear with two cubs. I was somewhat alarmed, as I knew the ferocity of a bear when with her young; but knowing there was no chance for flight, I seized a hand-spike and prepared to defend myself the best I could. As the bear came near, she raised herself erect, and advanced with open mouth. When she was within reach, I prostrated her by a blow upon the back. She fell upon one of her cubs, injuring it severely. This enraged her still more, and she sprang up and again rushed at me. I struck her on the head, and she fell again. She rose and slowly retired with the wounded cub. The other cub ran off in another direction, and I attempted to capture it, but it continually eluded me just as I had it almost within my grasp. After chasing it nearly half a mile, I finally succeeded in taking it by throwing my coat over it. It was but little larger than a good-sized cat, and I carried it home in a basket which I borrowed of an Indian who lived in the vicinity.’

HOW A BEAR FIGHTS.

‘When a bear is attacked, and wishes merely to act upon the defensive, it stands erect, and with its fore-paws repels the attack. If it wishes to close in with an enemy, it grasps it with its fore-paws, while with its teeth and hind-haws it tears its victim in pieces.’

BRUIN'S DUEL.

‘Bears seldom fight among themselves, and I never witnessed but one instance of a conflict between two of them. It was in November; a light snow lay upon the ground, and in wandering through the woods I struck the tracks of three bears. After following them some distance, I arrived at a place which had evidently been the scene of a desperate encounter. The snow and shrubbery were beaten down, and the ground covered with blood. As there were no other tracks in the vicinity than those of the bears, they were undoubtedly the belligerents. Half a mile beyond were the marks of another struggle. At this place one of the animals had taken another direction from the other two, leaving no blood in the track. He had probably become disgusted at the conduct

of his companions, and left them to fight it out between themselves. I continued on the track of the two, and before night the dogs treed one of them, and I shot it through the head.'

A HUNTER SCARED.

'The first bear that I saw after my return was a very large one, about as large as a common-sized cow, and the largest I ever saw. I thought I would see what I could do with him; so I waded into the water about knee-deep, and commenced throwing stones at him. He paid no attention to them or me either, but kept on his course the same as though I had not been there. I was just beginning to think of retreating, when I thought I would throw one more. Picking up a large stone, I threw it, and hit him on the forehead. He raised himself on his hind-feet, uttered a savage growl, and rushed furiously toward me. I ran to the logs, caught up my axe, and sprang upon a pair of timber wheels which were eleven feet high. Before springing upon the wheels, I looked around and saw him close at my heels. I raised my axe, intending to plunge it into his brain, but, in the excitement, missed my aim, and the handle struck his feet, which caused him to give another cry of pain. I was now on the wheels, and took off my hat and shook it at him, causing him to step back a little. I saw death staring me in the face. I knew their nature so well, and knew that if he got hold of me he would not relinquish his hold until I was dead. But soon he began to move slowly off, looking around every few steps to observe my movements. When he had gone about two rods I started the oxen, which were hitched to the timber wheels with a log loaded. As soon as I saw the bear strike the trail, I got off and hastened to my brother's house, where I lived, to procure a gun. He had frightened me worse than I ever was before or since, and I wanted to take revenge. The house was a little more than half a mile distant, and I reached it in a very short time. When I arrived there my sister inquired why I looked so pale, and if I was sick. I told her; and taking my gun, tomahawk, and a hunting-knife, started in a direction to strike the trail about half a mile from the river, in hopes of meeting the gentleman and giving him a proper reception; but when I reached the river I found that he had passed.'

ON THE STUMP.

'About two weeks after the last occurrence, a boy belonging to a neighboring family came to us, saying that there were three bears in one of their corn-fields, pulling down the corn, and requested me to come and kill them. I accordingly took my gun and rode over there. The old man and woman were mounted on stumps, watching the depredations of their unwelcome visitors, all three of which I dispatched without much difficulty.'

We take the liberty of calling the attention of our artists to the above. It is brief but suggestive. In the back-ground, among the broad-bladed maize, are the three priestly-looking gentlemen in black, publicly 'confessing the corn;' on either side of the fore-ground are the old gentleman and the old lady, each having 'taken the stump;' in the fore-ground, also, is the young MELEAGER, with his soft-grooved rifle, using small but most penetrating arguments to *convert* these clerical-looking personages, and induce them to abandon the world and all its works; while the young MERCURY who had brought news of their depredations is standing by in an attitude of unstudied grace, his countenance full of smiling wonder at the courage and the skill of the young lead-compeller. We would also state, for the information of the artist, that, in person, Mr. TOME inclines more to the 'Little Corporal' than to the Farnese HERCULES. He can in this way sublime the idea by showing that (as perhaps the bears would have said) 'great aches from little toe-corns grow.'

CHASSE - CAFE.

'One day, just as we had arisen from dinner, we heard a hog squealing, and our neighbors informed us that the bear had seized another hog. I took my gun and, accompanied by one dog, started out to kill him. He was about one hundred rods off, walking on his hind-feet with his back toward me, his fore-paws firmly embracing the nearly-dead hog, which weighed one hundred and forty pounds. He looked back occasionally as I approached him, and when I was within seventy yards of him he dropped the hog and turned toward me, standing erect, and making at the same time a noise peculiar to the animal. I raised my gun, and taking aim at a white spot on his breast where the hair was parted, sent the ball through his heart.'

SEAT OF HONOR.

'When a complete mastery is once obtained over it, the bear is as easily taught as any animal I ever attempted to train. They are very irritable when touched from behind, and on one occasion, as I was leading my bear through a gate, he hung back, and a person struck him behind with a stick, when he sprang forward and bit me severely in the leg. At another time, while in the house, teaching him to walk backward, he struck against a table, when he seized me by the hand. He instantly lay down and began to cry, knowing the whipping which awaited him. My bear will allow any animal to approach him, but if they should touch him behind, he resents it at once.'

FIGHT BETWEEN A BEAR AND A PANTHER.

'The bear is the only animal that can cope with the panther. I once witnessed an encounter between a bear and a panther. From its superior agility, the panther had the advantage at first; but when the bear became enraged by his wounds, he grasped his antagonist in his powerful paws, crushing and biting him to death almost instantly.'

AN INCIDENT

SHOWING WHAT BECAME OF THE GESE WHEN THE SCHOOL-MASTER WAS ABROAD.

'Two miles from that place, up Big Pine Creek, lived a family consisting of a man and three females. The house stood on a flat lying between the river and the rocky bluff, which rose to the height of forty or fifty feet. In the month of January the man was absent teaching school, and no one was left at home but the women. On the morning of a blustering day in the early part of the month, as one of the women was going to the river for a pail of water, she heard a scream proceeding from the side of the hill, which sounded like the voice of a woman in distress. She returned into the house and told the others that she thought there was a woman on the hill in trouble. They all went to the door to ascertain the source of the cries, when they saw moving toward them an animal which they took at first for a dog. When it had approached within fifty yards, they discovered to their horror that it was a panther. They retreated into the house and closed the doors. Three geese, which belonged to the family, were on the ice of the river; the panther discovered them, and, having captured one, he returned with it to his den among the rocks. After he had been gone some time, they went out together and procured wood and water enough to supply them until the next day. The following morning, at about the same hour, the panther returned, uttering the same terrific cries, and carried away another of the geese. On the third morning he again made his appearance, and took the remaining goose. He had now become wonted to the vicinity, and the terrified women were at a loss what they could do. Their nearest neighbors were distant two miles in one direction, and three in the other, and any attempt to procure succor from that source would expose them to an attack from the animal which was prowling near. In order to prevent the panther from entering by the

chimney, they covered it over with boards taken from the floor, and kept up a fire all night. The next morning, when the too familiar cries of their besieger were heard, they turned out the dog. The panther closed in with him, drove him against the door, and, after a short struggle, killed and carried him off. The morning following, RICE HAMLIN, who lived about three miles distant, and who had been engaged to call on them once a week, to supply them with fire-wood, and render any necessary assistance, paid them his customary visit. When he knocked at the door, they demanded who it was that desired admittance. Upon learning who was at the door, they opened it at once, and informed him of the visits of their unwelcome neighbor. He entered, and they cleared the house of the smoke, which had become almost suffocating. As he stepped to the door to see if the panther was near, HAMLIN heard his scream. He immediately started in pursuit, accompanied by his dog. As they came up, the panther jumped upon a rock about twenty-five feet high. HAMLIN did not discover him at first, but kept up a search, supposing him to be up a tree. The dog saw the panther, but being unable to follow, kept running around in an uneasy manner. HAMLIN at length happened to look up the rocks, and his eyes met those of the panther just as the latter was about to make a spring upon him. Instantly bringing up his gun, he fired with an unerring aim, and the animal came tumbling heavily to the ground at HAMLIN's feet. The ball had penetrated its forehead. It was a very large one, weighing about two hundred pounds.'

A PANTHERESS AT HOME.

'THE females carefully conceal their young until they are half-grown, and so effectually do they accomplish it that, during a life-time spent in the forest, I never found a nest with young in it. I once saw a panther thrust her head out of a hole in an old hollow tree; but as I had no gun or axe, I went home, and in a few days returned and cut down the tree. I found in it a snug, warm nest, which she had occupied with her young; but she had seen me, and removed them to other quarters.'

A SERENADE, 'NOT' FROM DON PASQUALE.

'NEAR by I found a shelter about four feet wide, and twice that length, formed by a projecting rock, under which I dragged the dead bear, and prepared to pass the night. The animal bore shocking marks of the recent encounter; his throat and forward parts being so badly lacerated that he could not have survived the winter. About dark it commenced raining, and I considered myself fortunate in having found so snug a shelter. About nine o'clock two panthers made their appearance, and finding what were perhaps their usual quarters invaded, they set up a screaming that would have sent the blood to the stoutest heart. I took my gun in one hand, my tomahawk in the other, while my dog stood near me, and I resolved, if they should attack me, to give them a warm reception. They kept up their fearful serenade until mid-night, when they withdrew, and I heard no more of them.'

THE ELK.

'THE elk is the lord of the forest in which he ranges, no animal inhabiting the same localities being able to conquer him. Terrific combats sometimes ensue among themselves, and I have often found them dead in the woods, with deep wounds made by the antlers of their antagonists.'

A FULL-GROWN ELK TAKEN ALIVE.

'WE cooked our breakfast, and all hands prepared for the contest. At eight o'clock we began to manoeuvre. We tried at first to throw the rope over his head, but he jumped from the rock and broke away. We then let all our dogs after him, and fired

our guns to encourage them. He ran about half a mile, but the dogs pursued him so closely, and closed in with him so often, that he wheeled about and returned to the rock. We then concluded to divert his attention to the lower side of the rock, by keeping the dogs there, and throwing sticks and stones, while Father slipped unobserved to the upper side and, with a pole about twenty feet long, threw the noose over his horns. All hands then went on the upper side of the hill and fastened the rope around a tree, and made an ineffectual attempt to draw him from the rock. We next set the dogs on him behind, which drove him to the edge, when we gave a sudden pull and brought him off the rock, which was there about four feet high. He then plunged around and became so much entangled that he had only ten feet of play. We then placed another long rope upon the other horn, and carried it down the hill its whole length, tied it, and then loosed the first one. Two of the party then drove him down the hill as far as the rope would allow him. We continued in this manner to fasten the ropes alternately until we had worked him from tree to tree down the hill.'

'I ASKED KNAPP where was the elk that I had heard him shoot. He replied that, as he fired the elk fell, and he supposed him dead. Laying down his gun and bag of flour, he approached the elk, placed his foot upon his antlers, and attempted to cut his throat; but as soon as the knife touched his neck, the elk sprang up, and, seeing the bag of flour, he rushed at it, struck his antlers through it, and ran off with the flour above his head.'

'WHEN I informed them of KNAPP's adventure, they nearly went wild with merriment, lying on the floor and rolling in an ecstasy of mirth. When their merriment had subsided, it was judged that KNAPP should be randeled, inasmuch as he had transgressed an important rule of the case. The rule was, that when a gun was discharged it should instantly be re-loaded, so that the hunter would be prepared for any exigency; but KNAPP had laid down his gun empty, instead of re-loading it, and thus lost the game. The operation of randeling was the usual punishment among hunters for any neglect of duty, and consisted in seating the offender upon a stool, while others in turn went up and pulled his hair, sometimes plucking out a few. The odor of this adventure never left KNAPP.'

HOW TO MAKE A SALT-LICK.

'DURING all my hunts I kept a constant look-out for deer-licks, and if I found none in a place favorable for deer, I made one near an unfailing spring. The manner in which I made the lick was to bore several holes in a black-oak log with an auger, which I always carried with me for the purpose, and into them put about three pints of salt, with a small quantity of saltpetre, and insert a plug in each hole. The wood soon becoming saturated with the salt, the deer would gnaw it. If I found a lick to which the deer at the proper season resorted, I proceeded at once to build a scaffold, in order that the deer might become accustomed to the sight of it before I made use of it.'

USEFUL WOLVES.

'DURING the first few years of our residence here, we would often look up the creek in the morning, and see a deer coming at the top of its speed, followed by three or four wolves, sometimes two on each side of the creek. We would immediately prepare and go out to meet them. Sometimes we captured the deer with very little trouble, but often the wolves would catch and spoil it before we came up. In this manner the wolves ran the deer from the first of July until the last of January. During the winter, when the river was covered with ice, the deer would fall into the air-holes and become an easy prey. We took off the skin, and if the deer did not prove to be very good, we left the refuse parts to encourage them in pursuing the deer. Often while we were dressing deer, the wolves would stand within twenty rods, howling most discord-

antly. We finally obtained a gun and dogs, and turned our attention to hunting. We commenced about the first of July, and continued until November. The wolves and dogs hunting together, sometimes one and sometimes the other obtaining the deer, and if it fell into our hands we always left the wolves their portion to keep them near; for we considered them of great assistance to us in hunting. As there was no bounty on wolves at that time, and we had no sheep for them to kill, we never destroyed them. They often aided us to three or four deer in a week.'

PLEASANT NIGHT.

'I ENCAMPED on the elk-track, and spent the most dismal night that I ever experienced. The wolves flocked around me in droves, and their unearthly howling, mingled with the dismal screeching of the owls over-head, made a concert of sounds that banished sleep from my eyes the greater part of the night. I sat in my shanty, with my gun in one hand, and a tomahawk in the other, and a knife by my side. When the wolves became unusually uproarious, I would send the dog out to drive them away, and if they drove him in, I would fire in among them. At length, toward morning, I fell asleep from sheer exhaustion, and slept until day-light, when I arose, ate my breakfast, and started again on the elk-track.'

WHAT WOULD HAVE ASTONISHED IZAAK WALTON.

'In the months of June and July we could often see from two to five hundred fish sunning themselves in the shoal water. The wild-cats would stand watching them, and when they approached near enough to the shore they would seize and bring out as many as three fish each before they could escape. The black fox would sometimes dive in the water two feet deep, and bring out fish. The red and silver-tail foxes did not dive, but watched along the shore, and took the fish in the same manner as the wild-cats. We never killed them when we saw them fishing, as their skins were not as valuable then as in the fall and winter; but we would often shout and alarm them, to see them run.'

AN ANIMAL OF RETIRING HABITS.

'I NEVER saw a young black or silver-gray fox. So jealously do they avoid the haunts of man, that but little can be learned of their habits. Indeed, the black fox is so shy, as well as rare, that its very existence is by some regarded as fabulous, and it undoubtedly forms the foundation for many a mystic tale which is recounted in awe-struck tones by the settler's children, as they gather, of a winter evening, around the blazing hearth of their log-cabin. I never succeeded in running one down with hounds, in the manner that red ones are caught. One which I was once after with hounds, ran up a leaning tree, and I shot it; but this was the only case in which I was successful with dogs.'

AFFECTIONATE RATTLESNAKES.

'From the middle of June to the middle of August, the male and female are never far apart. The female takes the lead and the male follows within a short distance. If the female is killed at this season, her mate will always be found near her within three days.'

HEAD OF MEDUSA.

'They pushed their canoe to the other shore, and, when passing the smaller rock, they discovered on the top a pile of rattlesnakes as large as an out-door bake-oven. They lay with their heads sticking up in every direction, hissing at them. Proceeding up the river a short distance, they could see, as they approached the shore, snakes lying

where they intended to land. They therefore continued on a mile and a half, to a thicket of hemlock, which they knew the snakes would not approach, and accordingly went ashore and prepared dinner.'

ERROR ABOUT THE RATTLES.

'It is a common error to suppose that a new rattle is added every year to their tail. I had two rattlesnakes, which were taken when about three years old, and both had, by some accident, lost all but one of their rattles. In three months, three new rattles had grown upon one, and one upon the other.'

ADVENTURE WITH A RACER.

'The racer is very long and slim, sometimes growing to the length of eleven feet, while its diameter does not exceed an inch. Their color is black, with the exception of white rings around the neck. They glide over the ground with their heads elevated about eighteen inches, as rapidly as a dog can run. I was at one time, while ploughing, very much alarmed by one of these snakes. I heard a hissing, but passed on without paying much regard to it. When I again came around to the place, it was repeated, but I passed on as before. When I approached the spot the third time, my curiosity was excited, and I resolved to ascertain the source of the hissing. When I was near the spot from which it seemed to proceed, my attention was called for a moment to my team, and when I again turned my head, I was in contact with a racer, eleven feet in length, standing nearly erect, and darting his forked tongue, not more than a foot from my head. I sprang back with a scream which startled one of the horses, and plunging forward, it threw the other, broke loose, and ran to the house. Recovering myself, I advanced toward the snake, when it settled down, and retreated to the hollow in which it was first concealed. I halted at a little distance, when it again raised its head erect, and stood eyeing me. As I turned to run, the snake followed me, but retreated when I advanced toward it. In this manner we chased each other alternately across the field three times, when I picked up a club and killed it.'

HOW TO CURE A RATTLESNAKE'S BITE.

'If the dog should be bitten, it immediately digs a hole in the ground, in which it lies until the swelling disappears. I have always found this simple remedy the best one which can be resorted to for the bite of a rattlesnake. A young man of my acquaintance was once bitten, and I immediately dug a hole in the ground, eighteen inches deep, into which the leg was placed and covered with earth. At first he experienced no pain, but in a short time it became so severe that I was compelled to hold him down, but in three hours he fell asleep. After sleeping two hours, he awoke, and the leg was entirely free from pain. Upon removing it from the earth, it was very white, and the poison was all drawn out.'

EXPERIMENT WITH SNAKES.

'I once saw a rattlesnake lying upon a rock, beside the water, and finding a water-snake at a short distance, I laid it upon the rock, near the other. It instantly fled from the rattle-snake, and continued to, as often as I placed them near each other. At another time I placed a black-snake near a rattlesnake, and at first the latter took no notice of the other, which exhibited the greatest terror; but upon placing them together again, the rattlesnake flew at it, and would have bitten it, had it not been too nimble, and eluded the stroke. The rage of the one and terror of the other increased, as I continued to place them near each other. When a rattlesnake and a blowing-viper were brought together, both ran, each seeming to have an instinctive dread of the

other. Finding a copper-head and a blowing-viper at the same time, I brought them together, when the viper beat a retreat, but the copper-head made no attempt to bite it. The last experiment I made was to place together a water-snake and an eel. Contrary to what might have been expected, the snake ran from the eel.'

And so farewell to PHILIP TOME, the hunter! May he live yet many years to spin his yarns and sell his book, making us feel so much the more comfortable in our cosy homes as we read of the dangers he has dared, and the perilous difficulties he has with such manly perseverance overcome. j. m. m.

KATE AYLESFORD: A STORY OF THE REFUGEES. By CHARLES J. PETERSON. In one volume: pp. 356. Philadelphia: T. B. PETERSON. Boston: PHILLIPS, SAMPSON, AND COMPANY. New-York: J. C. DERBY.

THE world is in some danger of being deluged with books. Every man, woman, and knowing 'young one,' who has an *ism* (and who is without one?) must write a book. In that book he or she gives his or her idiosyncrasies to the world, and imagines them progressive 'nuts,' indispensable to the spiritually hungry, to crack. But every body may not have discovered that '*Kate Aylesford*,' a tale of the Refugees, by CHARLES J. PETERSON, is a book which any watchful father may take home to his family, without the fear of corrupting their morals. This is high praise for a book in this our nineteenth century. The highly moral and healthful tone of the work is clearly foreshadowed in the description of the heroine in her quiet home:

'It is needless to say that KATE never looked lovelier. But this was not entirely owing to her attire, but was partly the consequence of her employment, which always throws such an atmosphere of home around a high-bred woman. He is a hopeless bachelor indeed who can watch a graceful girl, engaged on some pretty piece of needle-work, without thinking how beautiful she would look as his wife, plying that small gold thimble with those delicate fingers, by the same fire-side with him, on a cold, wintry night, chatting gayly as she nimbly worked, and continually looking up at him with the sweet, dear smile of confidence and love. Ah! miserable man, whoever you are, whose life is spent in hotels; who know nothing of the quiet, overflowing bliss of domestic happiness; and whose only knowledge of women is obtained from belles at balls, or flirts at watering-places; we wish you could have seen KATE then. In our time, alas! the needle is almost obsolete, so that you have small chance of being conquered. Young ladies would scream now-a-days if caught sewing, whose grandmothers won scores of hearts by this bewitching feminine art. The world is thought to be improving in every respect, but we are old-fashioned enough to think that the grandmothers understood our sex the best, and that they slew thousands with their pretty household graces, while their fair descendants, with all their Italian music, slay but tens.

'Those good old times have gone for ever. It is the cant of the present day to abuse them as stiff and formal. But when again shall we behold such high-bred courtesy among men, such a sense of personal dignity, or such chivalrous deference to the fair?'

'*Kate Aylesford*,' to our conception, gives unmistakable evidence that its author is a close observer, a deep thinker, and a practised writer. It comes like a refreshing breeze from the bosom of old ocean, to clear away the hot, sickly and foggy sentimentalities of the day. The characters are real flesh-and-blood *individualities*. Every one is drawn so true to life, that no doubt of the writer's fidelity to nature startles the reader's credulity; no suspicion that poor, weak humanity is slandered, arises to disturb the interest of the

story. Indeed no one but a skilful artist, familiar with the nicest shades of color, knows how easy it is to lose force, and consequently effect, by the slightest departure from Nature's harmonies.

There are so many incidents which might be quoted to prove the fidelity to nature which we have claimed for this work, that it becomes very difficult to decide from which chapter to select illustrations. 'The Shipwreck,' 'The Country Tavern,' 'The Fire in the Woods,' 'The Rescue,' 'The Country Church,' 'POMP's Adventure,' 'The Death-Bed,' 'The Flight,' 'The Death-Shot,' and many others all claim the palm. Among the many characters demanding precedence, perhaps no one is more striking than 'Uncle LAWRENCE.' We doubt whether a more masterly delineation has been given by any recent American writer. KATE gives the best off-hand impression in a single sentence, when, in speaking to Major GORDON, she says: 'Uncle LAWRENCE is the peace-maker of the neighborhood, yet no one can be firmer when a great principle is at stake.' How well this was exemplified when his country was threatened with an invasion. But let him speak for himself:

'UNCLE LAWRENCE answered promptly:

'You are right. My old blood warms, too, at the news of this expedition. What! the Tories coming to attack us in our own river, and to burn down our very houses! God helping me,' he said, glancing reverently upward, and then striking his gun emphatically, 'I'll march myself against the invaders. You'll take me, Major, I s'pose?'

'Gladly,' replied our hero, seizing the old man's hand, and shaking it warmly. 'It is what I would have desired, above all things else; but could not have presumed to ask, considering your years. Your example will be worth fifty good men to me. When such as you march, who can hold back?'

'Strike while the iron's hot, then,' pithily said Uncle LAWRENCE. 'Call for volunteers right off, Major. There's a dozen idle fellows here that might go as well as not; and will, may-be, if you tell the news straight out, and say, too, that every man's wanted.'

'Taking the old man's hint, the Major stepped out in front of the house, just as every body was crowding, full of curiosity, to see the express-rider depart; and having waited till the messenger dashed off, he proceeded to impart the contents of the dispatch, after which, in a short but stirring speech, he called for volunteers.

'No sooner had he finished than Uncle LAWRENCE, who had stood leaning on his gun, as if idly listening, stepped forward, and taking off his cap, remained a moment gazing at the crowd in silence, the wind waving his long, thin, silvery locks.

'The action drew every eye upon him. All saw that he had something to say, and waited for it respectfully.

'Neighbors,' he said, looking around with simple dignity, 'here stands the first volunteer.'

'At this unexpected declaration—unexpected, however, only because of the veteran's age, for otherwise it was in keeping with his whole life—the audience, after a pause of silent admiration, broke forth into an enthusiastic cheer.

'The old man's eyes brightened. 'And now,' he continued, 'who'll go with me to fight for our homes, our wives, our darters, and our babies? Liberty or death!' And he waved his cap around his head. 'Huzza!'

'I'll go—and I—and I,' cried almost every voice, as the speakers rushing forward, grasped first his hand, and then that of Major GORDON; for the effect of his appeal was electric. 'Liberty or death! Liberty or death!' And the welkin rung with the reiterated shout.'

We cannot dismiss the volume without presenting an extract from an attractive equestrian *tête-à-tête*, for the especial benefit of that small but sensible band of disciples of BAUCHER, who will recognize in KATE AYLESFORD and Major GORDON two sympathetic links connecting them with that age of chivalry:

"WHAT a bit of ground for a canter," said the Major, who was eager to test KATE's horsemanship. "Shall we give our steeds a brush?"

"Willingly," said KATE; and away they went.

"It was a beautiful sight to see the two spirited animals cantering side by side, so that a blanket would have covered both. ARAB was full of play, and turned continually to snap at his companion, which KATE laughingly permitted him to do occasionally, while at other times she wheeled him off with a dexterous turn of her wrist, which elicited the open admiration of Major GORDON.

"Very soon the natural emulation between the two mettled steeds began to tell on their pace, which gradually increased from a canter to a gallop. They went snorting along now, their necks arching at the strain upon the bit; their hoofs crackling the pine-splinters that strewed the road; the foam flecking their glossy coats as they tossed their heads; and now one, and then another, momentarily succeeded in passing his antagonist, only, however, to be passed in turn.

"They are determined to try each other's mettle," said KATE, laughingly. "It's as much as I can do to keep ARAB in. Suppose we let them out and have a race in earnest."

"Agreed," said the Major, entering into the spirit of the thing as fully as his fair companion.

"You see yonder thunder-riven pine," said KATE, pointing with her riding-whip. "It is probably half-a-mile off. The best one gets there first. Are you ready?"

"Ready," answered the Major.

"Go," cried KATE, giving her horse his head.

"Away they went, like twin-arrows from a bow: the riders laughing in the very abandon of fun; the horses, with out-stretched necks, straining every nerve. The Major's steed, though a superior one, was somewhat too heavily built, and this quickly began to affect his speed. ARAB, on the contrary, was in his element. With his neck extended almost in a straight line, his nostrils expanded, and his fine eyes a-blaze, he soon sprang far ahead of his adversary. KATE, as she left the Major's side, merrily looked over her shoulder, waving her hand in triumph. In a few moments she drew in at the blasted pine, walking ARAB slowly until Major GORDON came up.

"Your horse runs like a deer," said that gentleman. "Yet, from his looks, I should think a child might ride him, when he's at full speed; he does n't seem to move his body at all; it is only his limbs; but they are drawn up as beautifully as a greyhound's."

"He's a darling," said KATE, enthusiastically, leaning over and patting his neck, at which ARAB looked around gratified. "I would n't exchange him for half of England."

Major GORDON smiled a little at this enthusiasm, though he could not but think that it became KATE charmingly.

"Poor SELIM," said the Major, patting his horse in turn, "you did not win, and it's not often you're beaten. But never mind, old fellow, you can carry your master in battle, if need be, as gallantly as the best."

"To confess the truth," answered KATE, "I had no idea SELIM could run so well. He's a noble fellow," she continued, leaning over and patting him also. "Ha! you like it, do you, my brave SELIM? But I declare if ARAB is n't jealous. See, he is ready to bite both you and your horse, Major. I must draw him off," she added, laughingly, as she turned his head, striking him at the same time with her heel, so that he sprang to one side. "Fie! fie! ARAB!" and she patted him anew, "you should be ashamed of yourself, sir. You are first in the heart of your mistress, and might allow her at least to be civil to others."

Before drawing the reins of this desultory notice, we must impart to our uninitiated readers a hint that the author includes in his social circle a 'GRACE GREENWOOD,' a 'CLARA MORTON,' and many other choice female spirits, in any one of whom he might have found the prototype for a heroine. Mr. PETERSON, we may be assured, owes something of his clear-headedness and healthy tone of mind to the exercise which, we learn from a friend, he is accustomed to take as an active member of the Philadelphia Regiment of Equestrian Amateurs of BOUCHER. This is a sensible regiment, and includes, as it should do, both sexes. 'When 'FORDHAM' is mounted by his graceful mistress,' writes an esteemed friend and correspondent, 'and 'GRISY' by her accomplished master, to take a part in the charades of the road, the personification of 'KATE AYLESFORD' and 'Major GORDON,' on their blooded steeds, 'ARAB' and 'SELIM,' is acknowledged by acclamation.'

THE LITERARY LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON. By R. A. MADDEN, Author of 'Travels in the East,' etc. In two volumes: pp. 1146. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THESE volumes have already commanded an extensive sale, and are destined to a still wider circulation. The great personal beauty and grace of their subject; the romance, to call it by no other name, of her history; the number and character of her literary productions; and above all, the number and renown of the distinguished men who were her guests and companions, conspire to make this a work of more than common interest. From an extended and exceeding able review of these volumes in '*The Tribune*' daily journal, we segregate the following deductions from the work:

'THE meteoric career of a woman, whose highest ambition was to shine in the brilliant circles of fashion and literature that sparkled in her saloons, is described in these volumes by a prosaic old pedant, who seems to have been selected for the task, on account of a certain confidence in his discretion, rather than of any peculiar qualifications for its accomplishment. He had enjoyed the intimate acquaintance and friendship of Lady BLESSINGTON for some twenty-five or thirty years; he was familiar with many of the celebrated men who danced attendance on the literary beauty; and was particularly conversant with the incidents in her early history. With these advantages, it might be supposed that he would have completed this work with a superabundance of unction, if not with competent ability. He has, indeed, made copious selections from the correspondence of the Countess, gathered an immense amount of personal gossip in regard to several leading celebrities of the day, and brought together a variety of details concerning the *habitudes* of Gore House, which possess a kind of seductive fascination to the lover of biographical minutiae; but whenever he speaks in his own person, he utters a farrago of pompous sentences which challenge distinction as the very climax of formality, common-place moralism, and lumbering, inexpressive diction. Still his book will be eagerly read. The same charm which crowded the drawing-rooms of Lady BLESSINGTON with the *élite* of London society, (leaving out visitors of her own sex, who did not cultivate her acquaintance,) will attract people to the perusal of her biography. She possessed precisely the qualities which awaken popular interest, and in spite of certain uncanonical passages in her life, made her the object of an admiring and devoted friendship with many of the most eminent characters of her time. Without possessing genius in any degree, and not more than an ordinary share of talent, she supplied the place of those gifts by an admirable taste in literature, a never-failing, exquisite tact in social life, great personal beauty, a winning grace and vivacity of expression, and a delightful and earnest cordiality of manners that could have proceeded only from genuine kindness of heart. Her violation of domestic etiquettes, which excluded her in a great degree from the society of women, does not appear to have been combined with a reckless love of pleasure, or to have led to the forfeiture of her own self-respect. But as her biographer does not raise the veil from this delicate subject, we shall follow his example, and consider her only in the light of a leader in the fashionable world, and the centre of a distinguished literary and artistic reunion.

'The character of this celebrated woman is transparent even to the superficial observer. She had evidently little depth either of feeling or intellect. She was not a person to be roused to enthusiasm by the inspiration of a generous, kindling idea. Excitable in her temperament, she easily took the tone and coloring of surrounding objects. Of quick and ardent sympathies, she had not sufficient steadiness of principle to regulate her emotions. Her love of admiration led her to live in the gayest vortex of society, striving to keep up appearances even at the expense of reality. Her existence cannot be called a happy one. A perpetual prey to anxiety in the latter years of her life, her position compelled her to exchange the sincerity of a genial nature for the consummate arts of an actress. Absorbed in the falsities of a hollow and superficial present, she lost sight of the future, of the highest human dignity, of the pure ideal of character, without which the soul is in the 'broad road that leads to death.' The redeeming elements in her career were her scorn of baseness of purpose, her innate kindness of heart, and her preference of intellectual excellence to the mere frivolities of fashion. Her nature always appears better than the environment into which she was early thrown. The lenient judge of character will discover many winning and admirable traits in Lady BLESSINGTON, while at the same time she exhibits qualities that must arouse the leaven of the Pharisees into the most active acidity and bitterness. A contemporary female writer, herself of high and enviable position in English literature, has left on record a tribute whose simplicity and apparent truthfulness might neutralize many a savage denunciation. 'I have no means of knowing,' says Mrs. A. M. HALL, 'whether what the world said of this beautiful woman was true or false; but I am sure GOD intended her to be good, and there was a deep-seated good intent in whatever she did that came under my notice.'

'A very considerable portion of these volumes is devoted to the correspondence of Lady BLESSINGTON with various persons of distinction in the world of literature and politics, as well as of fashion, including Sir WILLIAM GELL, WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, BULWER, D'ISRAELI, DICKENS, N. P. WILKES, Captain MARYATT, and a multitude of lesser lights in European society. These letters have many points of interest, although they appear to have been selected with little discrimination. Indeed the editor will gain no credit by the manner in which he has performed any part of his appointed task. His notices of the persons alluded to in the narrative of Lady BLESSINGTON's life, or suggested by her voluminous correspondence, are painfully diffuse, and in a great degree superfluous to the reader who can command the most meagre kind of a biographical dictionary. His own remarks are crowded with endless repetitions; his narrative has no coherence or concinnity; his attempts at moralizing run into loquacious twaddle; and his selections from other writers appear to have no object but to swell the contents of his volumes. But in spite of his gentle dulness, which oozes out on every page, the work cannot fail to be extensively read; the subject is so interwoven with fascinations that even the stupid pedantry of the good MADDEN cannot deprive it of interest; and the public will welcome his ill-concocted production as an attractive gallery of some of the chief celebrities of the passing age.'

The paper and printing of these volumes might and should have been better. A piece of sculpture, representing Lady BLESSINGTON, gives additional interest to the work.

HARVESTINGS: SKETCHES IN PROSE AND VERSE. By SYBIL HASTINGS. Boston: W. P. FETRIDGE AND COMPANY. New-York: J. C. DERBY.

A FRIEND of ours, a right-handed man, once remarked in our hearing, that his left arm was strongest, although the least developed. We were disposed to deny the fact, but he insisted upon it, because he had made experiment, and could lift the heaviest weights on emergency with his left arm. Nay, more, he declared that the unaccustomed left arm, in all people, could strike the best blows on those few occasions when blows were needed. 'What is the reason of this?' said he. 'It is not true,' we replied. 'But it is,' he rejoined, and he accounted for it in this way: 'There is a slumbering energy in the limb, and when it wakes up, it goes to work with the freshness of a giant who has been comatose for a year. It has reserved all its ambition, and therefore has a treasury of laid-up strength to expend. It is true that practice enables the brutal force to gain more sinew for steady burden, but the more mechanical the body becomes, the less it is actuated by the overpowering impulses of its own spirit. Hence it only acts under the direction of the superior officer of necessity. The right arm can do the most steady work, but the left can jerk out more terribly.'

'Well,' we said, admitting it to be so, 'what then?'

'It is analagous,' replied he, 'with the course of nature. The woman often rises above the man in energy when strength is required. See WASHINGTON IRVING in the *'Sketch-Book.'*

'Good!' said we.

But what of all this? There are phases in the history of literature in which very different elements manifestly take the lead. After a long, heavy pulling by the horses, the mares switch their tails, and come out a-head. We have had men-statesmen and men-orators; men-poets and men-historians; men-preachers and men-doctors; 'many men of many kinds;' and what new game have they started up these many years? They have had all the work to do, and have done it by mere brute force. All of a sudden, some emergency having insensibly arisen, as probability favors the conclusion, the feminine element takes a vigorous start. We thought it to be the weakest; we have maintained it to be so; we are sure that it is so; but any how, from some cause or other, it is a long shot a-head at this present writing. The masculine gender is confounded and indignant; nay, more, exceedingly jealous, since the scene has shifted, and presented the rural residence of Uncle THOMAS depicted by a female painter. We have now women-poets, women-sentimentalists, women-statesmen, women-historians, women-preachers, and women-doctors, *et id omne genus*, and the cry is, 'still they come.' They do not all ride cannon, or brandish the weapons of Amazons; they make use of steel-pens, not steel-blades; their onset is not vindictive, but they make their way through all opposition; and as sure as we now hold a pen, they will have their day. Success to them, say we. Why should they not wave their silken banners, and gather trophies on the bloodless fields of

literature? Why should the he-biddys get offended, and wax red in *their* combs, and strike their spurs out right and left, and try to scratch and gobble up all the corn? Is not a good cackle worth as much as a good crow? Have not both birds a right to be proud of their feathers? May not both have a crop? 'Do not get excited,' as OSSIAN DODGE says, when he announces a concert in the rural villages. Let a new edition of the 'Lives of Ten Famous Women' be published forthwith, and after that the lives of ten more, and so on. We once heard Miss LUCY STONE speak, and sat down to the lecture with a fore-gone feeling of contempt, but rose up a very different man. She stood up like another PORTIA in pantaloons, and never have we heard more fluent speech, more pleasant cadences, more sweet and silvery oratory from human lips. Not one man in ten thousand could speak so well. These remarks are suggested by the present volume. We have not had time to take but a cursory glance at it, or to consult the 'Sybil,' or to examine her leaves with that attention which would justify us in pronouncing an opinion. Of the few pages we have read, some remind us of 'GRACE GREENWOOD,' some of 'FANNY FORRESTER,' some of 'FANNY FERN,' and some of 'MINNIE MYRTLE.' There are passages where the tear is bidden to start; there are novel pictures, like that of the little 'hot-cake' girl in the fore-ground, which present, in sad contrast, the sufferings of 'outcast and down-trodden humanity,' which, for the credit of our natures, we could have wished there had been no necessity of setting forth. In type, and paper, and printing, the work is well got up by the publishers.

TRAVELS IN EUROPE AND THE EAST. By SAMUEL IRENÆUS PRIME. Illustrated with Numerous Engravings. In two volumes: pp. 845. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THESE two very handsomely-executed and liberally-illustrated volumes contain the incidents of a year's travel in England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria, Italy, Greece, Turkey, Syria, Palestine, and Egypt. Although much of this journeying is over what may be termed 'beaten ground,' yet we can conscientiously declare that we have seldom perused a similar narrative of travel with so much satisfaction. Aside from the great variety and interesting character of the places and objects visited by a writer of such powers of observation and description as Mr. PRIME, the literary style of the work is so smooth and flowing, the spirit of the traveller is so genial and catholic, that it is a delight to follow him in the record of his enjoyments, visual and emotional. What he saw and felt in the Holy Land, especially, is conveyed to the mind and heart of the reader in a manner rarely surpassed; nor do we remember to have encountered in any contemporary volume — certainly not in the same compass — a better picture of Rome, its attractions and religious observances, than is to be found in this work. We cannot pass the engravings without adding our tribute of praise to their more than common excellence. Although pre-

sented upon wood, they are exceedingly clear and distinct, and, in almost every case, are excellently drawn. More than customary pains, moreover, must have been taken in transferring them to print, for not a few of them are scarcely inferior to copper-plate in their execution.

In conclusion, it is but just to say, that the aim of the author of this book of travels, as indicated in his preface, has been honestly and satisfactorily carried out. He has not attempted to crowd Europe and the East into two ordinary-sized volumes, but has contented himself and pleased his readers by simply seizing upon many of the most striking points of observation characteristic of the lands he visited; given his impressions with frankness, freshness, and perfect freedom; taking the reader familiarly with him in his journey, to show its excitements and pleasures, with none of its perils or pains. 'To tell the whole truth,' says Mr. PRIME, 'to show my readers things as they are in the world of art and nature, public and social life, never violating the sacredness of the domestic circle, but faithfully portraying the manners and customs of the people in every land I saw, this was my aim by the way — this has been my aim in preparing these volumes.' We trust the intimation that there are 'more of the same sort left' will not be forgotten by the author, as it will not by his readers.

BLACK DIAMONDS: OR, HUMOR, SATIRE, AND SENTIMENT, Treated Scientifically by Professor JULIUS CÆSAR HANNIBAL, in a Series of Burlesque Lectures, Darkly Colored. In one volume: pp. 364. New-York: T. L. MAGAGNOS, ASTOR Publishing House.

THE readers of the KNICKERBOCKER are not ignorant of the estimation in which we hold these lectures of Professor HANNIBAL, here first collected in a handsome volume, from the columns of the New-York Weekly '*Picayune*,' in which they have heretofore appeared, and to which they have imparted a wide popularity. They are brim-full of quaint humor and quiet satire, and as to the style in which they are written, it is such an imitation of the peculiar language of 'men ob color' as has never been approached by any writer in this country. It is not only in *words*, felicitous and characteristic as they certainly are, that this remarkable imitation is apparent. It is in the peculiar train of thought and mode of illustration that the preëminent colored philosopher stands revealed. Our volume of 'Black Diamonds' is in the unbound sheets, and is full of dogs'-ears from beginning to end; but we have so frequently quoted from these lectures heretofore that we must confine our present selections to the two following passages. The first is from a learned lecture on '*De Sheep*:'

'DE lubly anamile spoken ob in de tex am konsidered won ob de moss inosent an' abused fellers seen in de spellin'-book. He am a full-bluded wully-hed, an' allers sticks to he party. In fack, you seldom see dem separated de one from de odder; for de poet sez dat

'SHEEP ob a wool
All flock to one skool.'

An' dat's a fack; for I nebber seed eny class ob de community stick togedder so klose as dese fellers, not eben de Quackers or de Jews, an' dey allers follow dere leeders wid

de same blind dewotion dat de polytishuns do dere different leeders; an' to 'splain dis 'kuliarity, I'll tell you leetle anickdote dat happen'd to ockar to me long time ago. One day, when I was younger den I am now, an' lib'd on my good ole massa's planta-shun, afore de great lebler, DERE, kum 'long an' karrid him off to de berrin'-ground, I war a-gwane to hoe korn in de feeld, an' I trowed my hoe ober my sholder an' started. In gettin' to de korn-feeld I had to cross a paster-lot whar a hole flock ob sheep war a-grazin'. When I jumped ober de fence dey set up a terable blattin', dat sound like a kamp-meetin', an' dey all run to de odder side ob de lot, jis whar I war a-gwane. Well, de sun had got up a good while afore brexfuss dat mornin' an' he make my shadder on de groun' look twice as big as me, an' my hoe-handel's shadder look long as a well-sweep. Well, when dese foolish sheep seed me a-kummin' towards 'em, de ole he ram rushed pass'd me, an' when he kum to de shadder ob de hoe-handel he jumped four feet high to git ober it, an' ef ebery sheep in de hole flock war n't fool enuf to do de same ting, I hope I may neber hab my sallery raised to a libin' pint. I laff'd tull I swet like race hoss to see de sheep jump, and den I tort dat dar am odder fools in dis world 'sides dem, dat mistake de shadder for de substance, ebery day.

'De oldest ram am ginerly de leeder ob de flock, an' he allers looks in de face like a man newly shabad and powdered. You will know Mr. RAM by his horn, aldo he cannot conveniently blow it. He wares it more for ornament den use. He moss allers hab too, an' dey am sitewated on de hed, jis like dey am on a good many odder sheep's heds found 'mong mankind.'

It is quite a transition from sheep to 'De Whale;' but hear the learned Professor upon what he terms 'de codfish aristocracy ob de sees, de same as de big bugs am de codfish ob de land; only dat de former hab got de advantage ob de latter, kase, notwithstanding de whale *dewours* a good eel, he *produces* sumfin', but de lan' codfish aristocracy dewours ebery t'ing, an' produces nuffin'':

'De whale am 'mong de fishes what de elemfint am 'mong beastesses — de biggest lofer ob dem all. A fisherman, named JOXA, swallowed one once, but it ober-loaded he stummuck to dat degree dat in tree days he leff 'em up agin. It war too much ob a muchness for him.

'When you fuss see one ob dese fellers at see, you see sumfin' wurth seein', as he am spurtin' de water up true he nose, like de Park fount'n. Soon as de man aloft, in de royal top-gallen main-chains sees him true he spiglass, he sings out at once to de man dat got charge ob de seller-dore dat swings on 'hind de ship, 'Luff! blast you eyes! luff!' Den de cap'n kums on de poop-deck an' pulls out he gemometer, an' takes an elewashun. Den you hear his voice: 'Take in a reef ob de bowsplit, an' unship de hatch-way ob de hen-koop for axion. Put out your jib an' tackle, an' take de kerboose-house up-stairs.' Den you see de sailors run roun' like kittens up an' down de masshed. Den you har de mate sing out tru a fire-born: 'Ebery man take tree hitches at he trowsers, an' a chow ob 'bacco, an' he darn quick 'bout it. Take a reef in de main-mass, an' luff go de rudder. Splice de main-brace. Down wid de jib-boom an' up wid de still-yards, an put on de pot.' Now de 'citement begins, kase de ole whale am 'sashain' nie to de lubber's side ob de ship. Now de cap'n bravely drows his led-pencil, looks tru his ginbometon agin. Take down de longertude, lassestude, an' a glass ob brandy. Den he get red in de face wid de 'citement, an' calls to de men: 'Boys, man de botes an' look out for whale.' Den de boys git in de batto-bote, an' dey take de harpoon wid dem, tide to 'bout five miles ob bed-cord, an' 'way dey row to de whale. When dey git 'long-side ob de monster he look big as Cooney Island, an' den an ole whaler, in white pants, straw hat, an' a long black ribbon on it, gumps 'pon de ole whale's back, an' gits up nie he hed, an' feels for a soft spot, which, as soon as he fin's, he sticks de harpoon in an' swims to de bote. Den de ole whale dives rite down to de bottom ob de see, an' de man in de bote pays out de line dat 's fass to de harpoon, as fass as a man dat 's got a lor-sute pays out money.

'Arter de ole whale rolls heseff on de bottom, to git de harpoon out he hed, an' he sees he can't do it, he git mity mad, an kums up an' make fite wid de ship, an' hits it a crack wid he tail, which am as big as a full-grown barn-dore. Dat make de cap'n 'smile' agin, an' he orders more harpoons in de whale's back. Dis am soon dun by de krew, an' de poor whale 'kums week from de loss ob blood an' he temper, an' gibs up de ghoss.'

To those who would secure many a hearty laugh, and not a little downright wisdom, ludicrously and quaintly enforced, we cordially and confidently commend these 'Black Diamonds.' The work is illustrated with a few characteristic 'colored' engravings.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN. — We have not found leisure, we are very sorry to say, to visit the *Exhibition of the National Academy*, except on one single occasion, which we prolonged to the last moment of which we could avail. The following notice of some of the pictures reached us at our country-sanctum, under cover from a friend and correspondent who was on his way to Europe when we received it; so that the communication is as 'anonymous' to us as to our readers. Whereinsoever its strictures may be wrong, or unduly 'charged,' the *observation* of visitors will readily correct the injustice; while over-praise will, in all cases, as assuredly work its own cure. People who go to picture-galleries in our metropolis, at this day, know *when* and *wherefore* they are pleased; and all the tedious, learned, technical criticism 'in town' would not serve to change the true verdict which is yielded *through the eye* to the mind or the heart of the appreciative lover of truth and nature:

'THE Thirtieth Annual Exhibition of the NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN opened in March, at Number 548 Broadway, the quarters lately occupied by 'Mr. DUSSELDORF's Gallery. Owing to the limited accommodations, there were fewer pictures exhibited this year than on any former occasion — at least for a number of years back. But if we have fewer pictures, there are less indifferent ones. On account of this want of space, the council or committee were obliged to glean very rigidly from the works offered. Year after year it had been complained of the management of the Academy that so many mere 'daubs' should obtain places on its walls. In the present exhibition, there are no historical pieces; only one or two *genre* pictures; a number (as usual) of good portraits; and a rich collection of superior landscapes. We will commence with the portraits. There are the same familiar and inimitable productions of ELLIOTT, and there are also the same number of reproductions by his host of imitators.

'NUMBER 110: C. L. ELLIOTT. — This portrait of E. C. WEST (of the 'Ten Governors') is one among the best works that ever came from ELLIOTT's hands. In this we have a power and boldness of treatment that is very striking in its effect. The attention of the observer is arrested by the living fire in the eye, the

blood beneath the skin, and the strong mobility of the features. Easily sits the head on the neck and shoulders — exquisite the careless 'massing' of the hair. The distribution of light and shade in the back-ground is new, or rather it is an exaggeration of the artist's usual style; and it has been objected to as giving the appearance of wrapping, cloud-like, about the head; yet it is difficult to perceive in what it is faulty: on the contrary, it seems to be peculiarly adapted to the subject. There is a dash, a daring touch of genius about the head and figure, that requires such a broken back-ground, and not a smooth, evenly-modulated distribution of dark above and light below.

'NUMBER 24 is a more elaborately-finished work, by the same artist; but what it has gained in finish, it lacks in strength and originality. It is merely a portrait; but it is *such* a portrait as no one in America but ELLIOTT can surpass.

'Leaving ELLIOTT, who stands alone in painting the masculine gender, we take up BAKER, who is equally so in respect to female portraiture. We have from his pencil NUMBERS 11 and 58, two of the most beautiful specimens of his skill that we have ever seen. The soft tenderness that he has thrown over the countenance; the subdued brilliancy (if such a term be admissible,) the transparency of color, and the atmosphere of expression — it must be called an atmosphere — that expression which gleams with a living glow on all the features — cannot be too highly appreciated. Decidedly, if we were a lady, and young and pretty, we should sit to Mr. BAKER; and if we did not happen to *be* pretty, still we would sit to him, for his appears to be a magic brush. It *creates* beauty.

'After so much praise, it is hard to speak in different terms; but NUMBER 28, a full-length of L. M. HOFFMAN, by the same artist, is not good. The figure is spare and awkward, and the head poor and weak; rendered so by the extreme bad taste of placing the subject (a fine one) uncovered, in the open air, in the region of bales of cotton and shipping.

'Entering the large room, the eye is arrested by two three-quarter length portraits of ladies, hanging side by side on the opposite wall. NUMBER 77, by CAFFERTY, the other by WRIGHT. CAFFERTY's picture is one of noble breadth and good finish. There is a healthful appearance in the flesh, without any attempt at fine color. Its dark and massive tones in the drapery and back-ground, and its extreme simplicity and grace of design, injure its companion, NUMBER 719, which is full of color and 'finiken' in conception. It ought not to have been hung beside so strong a picture as CAFFERTY'S.

'Mr. CAFFERTY approaches ELLIOTT, without being an imitator. What he paints is his own. It is melancholy to see such excellent artists as PRATT, BOGLE, and others, so palpably copying ELLIOTT, that it might seem to some to be their object to deceive the public. On different occasions, in this exhibition, have we overheard the remark: 'That is a poor picture of ELLIOTT'S,' in allusion to a portrait by PRATT, and pretty nearly the same in respect to BOGLE.

'But talking of independence and originality, we have an exemplification of stretching independence a little *too* far in NUMBER 46, by THOMAS HICKS. It is called 'a portrait,' but it *might* have been meant for an altar-piece for a modern Puseyite chapel — or a Capitol-piece — or possibly something for the new City-Hall. It is a full-length figure of a tall lady in walking costume, without a bonnet, standing in a room, amid plenty of good furniture, at a window that opens upon a dim and feeble landscape. It is full of admirable painting, and as a study of still life, it is most excellent. The drapery is perfect; and the objects in the room, chairs, carpet, etc., etc., are worked out in a masterly manner. But all

these surroundings destroy the figure. It is only an accessory: what *should* be accessories, have the chief prominence. The face is expressive — nothing more: see whether you remark any strength or fleshiness. The left arm, which hangs down, is barely suggested at its termination by an effort to paint a gloved hand. The glove is painted, but where is the hand?

'HUNTINGTON has a noble portrait, NUMBER 42. Mark in this the rich blood-color under the skin, and the pulpieness of the flesh.

'NUMBER 54: '*Portrait of a Lady*:' WILLIAM A. STONE. A very clever picture of a lady, in whose face, although perhaps slightly idealized by the artist, we recognized at once the pleasant and winning features of a former metropolitan friend. Mr. STONE's coloring is harmonious, his position natural, and his drawing excellent. We shall look with more than usual interest at this young artist's future efforts.

'There are only two or three figure-compositions of any importance. NUMBER 76, '*The German Emigrant Inquiring his Way*,' by C. F. BLAUVELT, is deserving of particular notice. It is a low-toned picture, but good in color, and very pure in style. There is nothing meretricious about it. The artist is severe in *taste*: he has not allowed his good judgment to be carried away into straining after bright and gorgeous effects. There are three principal figures, and two accessory, all well grouped. A fine-looking, phlegmatic German has taken his meerschau from his mouth, and is endeavoring to obtain information as to his route through the city from a negro, who is, or rather has been, occupied in sawing wood on the sidewalk. The 'darkey' is looking up, and resting from his work, but has not quitted his original position. He is puzzled by the questions, and has not yet made up his mind as to their exact meaning, or how to make himself understood. Clinging to the German's side, and peeping from behind the ample folds of his coat, is a little child, the very type of good-humor and health. Half in fear, and half in amused amazement, she gazes at the negro. Very pleasantly a ray of light falls across her face and tips her shoulder. In the back-ground, to the left, is the German's wife; she, too, observing the negro with a curious side-long glance. Characteristic of the country, she is bearing the burden, having a load on her head and a basket on her arm. The picture tells the story admirably. The different contrasts of expression are well done, and it all shows a great care and study in the conception and carrying out of the idea. The drawing is good, and the painting of the German's head and of the child's is remarkably fine.

'NUMBER 72: '*Webster among the People*:' MOUNT. We are sorry to see this picture from Mr. MOUNT — he being one of our special favorites. He has simply 'gone out of his line,' and like many other good men who have done so, he has failed.

'HUNTINGTON has a 'MAGDALEN,' NUMBER 67, which is delicious in color, but being of larger size than life, it shows to bad advantage, hung so low as it is. The face is lovely and spiritual, and the hair a wonder of painting. But we are tired of 'MAGDALENS.'

'Mirth-moving is NUMBER 100: '*Country Connoisseurs*:' by J. A. OERTEL. A parcel of 'country chaps,' a village buck, an old farmer, etc., are in a painter's studio, and are complacently viewing and criticising a large picture on his easel. The long, gawky figure of the mud-bespattered wagoner is absolutely distracting. It is a decided success.

'HALL has a few small pictures: one is a capital piece: NUMBER 57: '*Sir*

Toby Belch,' which is the veritable 'Sir TOBY' of SHAKESPEARE; his face glowing with hilarity, and rubicund with wine. NUMBER 93 is also good; but his *others* are wishy-washy, sketchy affairs.

DURAND has two landscapes, both fully up to his established reputation. NUMBER 104, '*Summer Afternoon*,' is full of all the beauties of feeling and manipulation for which he is so deservedly celebrated. NUMBER 113, '*In the Woods*,' is a larger picture, and attracts much attention. In it we have an avenue (so to speak) of forest trees, rising on each side, and tangling their branches over-head. It is replete with gems. Each foliated branch, each moss-covered trunk, the broken stems, the bit of water in the fore-ground, the ferns — all these are *pictures in themselves*. Then how true is the tenderness of atmosphere, and the distance and space! There are some young painters, who have exhibited this year, who would do well to take lessons from the study of this picture. It should teach them that Mr. DURAND, the acknowledged head of landscapists in New-York, does not despise manipulation and care, even to the minutest object; and still he is not a Pre-RAPHAELITE. No; Mr. DURAND is a conscientious worker, and will not descend to tricks of scumbling, and so forth.

WILLIAM HART is represented by no less than eight pictures; and out of these only two — a pair of sketches — are worth mentioning. Either one of them is superior to all his larger affairs. What is the matter with HART? Is it carelessness? In NUMBER 186, '*Raven's Craig*,' and NUMBER 187, '*Coast Bit, on the Tay*,' both Scottish scenes, HART is himself again. Beautifully is the mass of objects blended into shadow. The water stretches darkly out till it meets the threatening sky. Both the skies are wonderful; both sketches full of power. Would that we could say as much for his others.

CHURCH shows, this year, that his genius is not confined to painting northern scenes. We have a most brilliant triumph from him. These South-American pictures of his are noble achievements. The golden hues, the painted flowers, the rich fruit, the luxuriant foliage of the tropics, have been seized by him and placed lovingly on his canvas. NUMBER 49, '*The Cordilleras*,' is a lovely poem — a fairy dream. What a gush of colors! How the sun glows in the heavens, and bathes in a shower of hazy light the jagged mountains, and the city, that sleeps high up in the air, like a lover in the lap of beauty! Look at NUMBER 63, '*Tamaca Palms*:' see the clearness, the brilliancy, the depth of atmosphere, and then say that CHURCH is not a great painter — if you can. Aërial distance, and skies, and fore-ground are CHURCH's forte, and in this class of subjects he has full opportunity for displaying it. We must say, however, that NUMBER 74, '*Tacquesdama Falls*,' is not quite up to the mark. He should not paint falling water — for he cannot. It is weak and feathery.

NUMBER 21: '*Mediterranean Sea-Coast*,' by CROSEY, is truly an original picture — an effort of which he may well be proud. It is the scantiest, merest bit of sea-coast, rendered by a master, in a poetical and feeling manner. The sun has set, but has left his lurid reflection on clouds and shore, and the ruined tower on the right. The moon has just risen, and throws her steely light over the tumbling waves. The blended effect of sun-light and moon-light! — it is a daring success. His NUMBER 35, '*Mount Washington*,' is a larger and more ambitious work, but it lacks the originality of this. It has an excellent arrangement of clouds; heaped pillar-like, they stand gray and dense, towering above the mountain-tops. The umbrella which shades the artist sketching, near the fore-ground, is an ugly spot.

This should have been avoided. In color, the picture reminds us of COLE, yet not so much as NUMBER 123, '*An October Day in the White-Mountains*,' by KENSETT. This is an admirable painting — one among the very best in the exhibition. The foliage in this would make the English stare; would make them think the painter mad, or a liar, as they did when they first saw the wonderful effects of COLE. Yet KENSETT can take the foreign travellers away up to the White-Mountains, and show them that he is true to NATURE — her worshipper and her mirror.

'A most lamentable display is shown in NUMBERS 56 and 222, by GEORGE INNES. It is scarcely credible that an artist who is possessed of undoubted talents, and who has produced fine works, should so prostitute his abilities as to paint like this. One of these pictures is a mass of green cheese, dotted with sheep, (most persons imagine these sheep to be cows;) in the other, Mr. INNES has striven to give the effect immediately after a summer thunder-storm. He has made a conglomeration of soft tallow and an astonishing rainbow. Mr. INNES, pray leave off such freaks, and paint as we know you *can* paint. Thus to trifle with yourself and the public is more than foolish: it is criminal.

'NUMBER 8: D. W. C. BOUTELLE. A most thoroughly American landscape, as may be seen at the first glance. It lacks little to be a great painting. The composition is purely managed, and it has a fine natural tone of color. It can scarcely be called a finished picture, but very little labor bestowed upon it will bring it up, and then Mr. BOUTELLE will have made one of the best landscapes that ever came from his pencil. We have often remarked of this artist that all his productions are unmistakably American, and this is no mean praise. We should like to possess '*The Trout-Stream*' — so full is it of wildness and rugged force.

'CASILEAR is represented in his usual lovely compositions, with careful drawing, transparent water, and sober tints.

'COLEMAN has a very good picture, '*The Evening Walk*,' NUMBER 116. This young artist is attaining a good position in the profession. Aside from our present subject, we may mention another picture of his, which entitles him to take an advanced place among our modern landscapists. It is a New-Hampshire scene, full of feeling and depth of color, and would be a credit to many artists of more established reputation.

'But time and paper give out. Look at DARLEY's unmatched drawings, and some English water-colors, in the smaller room, and also a meritorious moon-light scene, by Mrs. GREATOREX, which only required to be hung higher to be seen to advantage.'

EDWIN FORREST AND HIS CRITICS. — In reading the elaborate (suppose we say very verbose?) *critiques* upon Mr. FORREST's personations of his different characters, which have appeared recently in '*The Tribune*' daily journal, it is amusing to note how kindly the writer advises the great tragedian to 'attempt' 'only such and such characters,' as if he were a young performer, for the first time before the public. We see that Mr. FORREST — a course which we have remarked it is his custom to pursue — pays no attention whatever, through the press or otherwise, to these 'highly-wrought' 'performances' of an anonymous hypercritic. The simple presumption, if

the critic were right, would be, that the audiences who nightly crowd the Broadway Theatre, and who witness the personations of our preëminent American tragedian, are ignorant and benighted; that they show themselves weak in being interested, and vulgar in being thrilled to enthusiastic demonstration, by his powers of dramatic representation. Sixty times in one engagement, it must then be conceded, Mr. FORREST, merely by 'roars,' and 'rattles,' and 'bellowings,' and 'butcheries,' entertained and wielded the sympathies of three-score crowded audiences! We were of the number, repeatedly; we were among the unappreciative; but we had n't seen 'the right *models*, ye kno';' therefore, 'could n't *tell*, exactly,' whether we were *really* interested, or touched, or *not*, 'do n't ye see?' Yes, we *do* see; and touching that same, mayhap it shall be *ours* to say a few brief words hereafter.

LETTERS FROM 'CAMP-COMFORT' AND THE GREEN MOUNTAINS. — It has given us additional pleasure, in reading the charming letters of our fair correspondent, 'J. K. L.,' that we have had the scenes which she describes actually brought before us. Mr. JEROME THOMPSON, at his studio in APPLETON'S Building, shows us not only the lake, and its lovely surroundings, but the veritable 'cabin' itself, painted from, and, as we are assured, most faithfully to 'the life.' And while the visitor is glancing at these views, he has but to turn his eyes around the room, to be taken to 'Old England,' and regale his eyes with scenes soft, placid, and picturesque, which Mr. THOMPSON executed in his recent visit to the Old World:

'Chateaugay Lake, Sept., 1854.

'My heart is sad as I pen this, my last letter from Camp-Comfort. Yes; to-morrow our encampment is to be broken up; we are to leave this spot, which is endeared to us by the memory of so many happy hours, and mingle in the busy world again. We have already over-staid the time we allotted for this hunting expedition, and yet we are reluctant to leave. It has been a season of rest, mental and bodily rest, to us all. Here, for a while, the cares and toils of life have been forgotten, and in the solitude of nature the over-tasked brain has found a respite; and the weary heart relief. Here the merchant has ceased to 'calculate,' the lawyer to argue, and the man of the world to be 'irresistible.'

'The brief, the ledger, and the world have been forgotten, and I truly believe the language of each heart would be: 'I have been happy here.' But to-morrow we must part, each to go on our different way, and, perchance, we who day after day have sat at the same board, pursued the same amusement, shared the same dangers, may never again be assembled beneath the same roof! But we shall part with the kindest feelings toward each other; and in after-years, when we look back upon the past, the few weeks that we have spent here in the wilderness will be a bright spot on which memory shall love to dwell. Then will come the remembrance of the eager chase, the daring exploit, and the quiet hours we whiled away with song and story, as we sat by the evening camp-fire, and we shall sigh to think they were so brief. As I was feeding my little pet squirrels this morning

I loved to fancy that they would miss me when I was gone; they will wait in vain for some one to bring them their breakfast to-morrow. Dear little things! They are so tame, they run upon my dress, and sit upon my shoulder, and one of them is evidently very curious to know what sort of a machine my ear is! He puts his little paw into it, thereby tickling me almost to death, and seems to be of the opinion that it would be a remarkably nice place to store away his winter supply of beach-nuts; but this proposition I shall decline, with many thanks for the favor intended, and suggest that *some other hollow tree* would suit his purpose better. I have become much attached to the pretty little creatures, and, as I watch their playful gambols, am truly thankful that they are beyond the reach of those pests of civilization — cats and small boys!

'All has been bustle and confusion in the camp since day-light; when the packing began, and the goods and chattels were gathered together, it was discovered that the principal part of our property consisted in *empty bottles*! With true benevolence we decided to throw them into the Lake, that they might not tantalize any chance comer with the idea of the good things they had once contained; so we formed a procession, each one laden with bottles, and in solemn silence we dropped them beneath the still waters, and then gave three cheers to waft them on their downward way. I think you would have been amused to have watched operations in the cabin this morning. There was winding of trolling-lines, packing of crockery, cleaning of guns, folding up of bed-clothes and hammocks, all going on at once! Every body talking, and no body stopping to listen! Frying-pans and pillows, tea-kettles and blankets were stored away together in the most promiscuous confusion. In vain I offered my advice and assistance; they knew best. (Of course; *men always do!*) So trunks were filled with eatables, and baskets with wearing apparel; the cheese was wrapped up in a blanket, and the eggs were thrown into a tin pail; the match-box packed away with the powder, and the shot put into a water-proof case! Upon the whole, it reminded me of a New-York 'May-day' on a small scale, and I was glad to beat a hasty retreat, and take up my station in the distance, where I could over-look their proceedings without being observed by the performers. A few moments after I reached my hiding-place, my attention was attracted by the rattling of a chain, and looking up, I saw near me two of our hounds fastened together by a small iron chain. I watched their movements by way of diversion. One was a heavy-built, dull-eyed fellow, who was content to lie in the sun and sleep; the other, with a large, bright, liquid eye, and delicate limbs, was fretting impatiently at the chain which bound him; a few moments he would lie still by the side of his sleeping companion, and then start up and attempt to spring away, but in vain; that clanking chain was the death-knell to his hopes of liberty, and each ineffectual attempt to break it only made it gall his neck the more. At length my compassion became so much excited that I determined to release him, and, approaching him for that purpose, took hold of the chain around his neck, when he sprang up and bit my fingers severely. 'Ah!' I exclaimed, 'How much hounds are like human beings!'

'Varied recollections throng upon me, as I sit, perhaps for the last time, in the little shady nook where all my letters to you have been written. I have taken my last row upon the Lake, my last ramble in the forest, and bid a silent farewell to those grand old trees, which stood here before I was born, and shall so stand when I have mingled with my kindred dust. Would that when for me life's joys and sorrows shall be ended, and the world-weary soul shall fold its tired wings, I might find a quiet resting-place beneath their venerable branches. Here, in this great

wilderness, far from the busy haunts of men, would I lie down and be at rest for ever. Not near the crowded city, not with thousands of other dead around me, or with costly monument to attract the careless gaze of strangers, but in this forest solitude let me quietly be laid, where none but the foot-step of affection shall seek out my retreat. Here the bright wood-flowers shall deck the moss upon my grave, the rich clusters of the purple wild-grape shall hang in graceful luxuriance above me, and the soft moon-light shall steal through the tall tree-tops, and linger lovingly upon my lonely bed; and the graceful deer shall come, with the timid fawn, and rest their delicate limbs beside me. The leaves shall fall from the forest trees, and the winds shall howl among their naked branches; the snow shall come, and lie cold and white above me. By the domestic hearth and at the social board my place may be filled by another, yet shall *I not be forgotten*. For, amid scenes of mirth and revelry, where the sparkling wine is poured, and the merry jest is heard, while others are all gayety, *one shall remember me!* And in the soft stillness of the twilight hour, and in the silence of midnight, to *his* heart shall come a thought of the loved and lost; and if, as I most truly believe, the spirits of the departed have power to watch over the dear ones they leave behind, I will then truly be to him what in this world he fondly calls me, his 'guardian angel.' Perhaps my love may lead him on toward heaven; for in the busy scenes of life, when his soul is weary and his heart is desolate, shall come the memory of that forest-tomb, and he shall long to lay him down beside me. I ask no monument but the love of that faithful heart.

'To-morrow I shall be on my way to the great city, and amid familiar scenes and welcoming friends I may for a while forget our forest shanty; but I know that often in the crowded ball-room, when surrounded by the gay butterflies of fashion, I shall wish myself back in this log-cabin, with my band of hunters around me. I have mingled in the gayeties of Paris, that city renowned for its gallant men; I have been a guest in palaces, and received homage from statesmen and princes, but I must say, that nowhere did I ever see such devoted attention and true politeness as have been bestowed upon me by my comrades in this northern wilderness.

'And now, to them, to our forest-home, I bid a sad farewell! God grant that another year may find us again united under these waving branches!

'Yours truly,

J. K. L.'

'New-York, Jan., 1855.

'SINCE the foregoing series of letters was written, one of our happy band has been called away. The icy hand of death has been laid on the warmest and most generous heart that ever beat; a heart whose every impulse was noble and true. His loss has thrown a dark and mournful shadow upon our little party, by each one of whom he was esteemed and appreciated, but by none more than myself, to whom he was ever the truest and kindest of friends. It is hard indeed to realize that his familiar voice is hushed. Chateaugay will be but a sad place to us all without his kindly greeting, happy smile, and ready jest. Ever the most enthusiastic sportsman, he was the most successful, and it is sad to think that the sound of his rifle shall be heard no more among the hills he loved so well; that the sun shall rise in beauty, and the soft twilight fall upon the mountains, and the moon-light upon the Lake, and his eye will not be there to mark it! But many suns shall rise and set ere he be forgotten by the hunters of Camp-Comfort.

J. K. L.'

'February 20, 1855.

'I DARE say that you, Mr. KNICKERBOCKER, like all the rest of my friends, will be wondering what in the world possessed me to leave my luxurious city-home, at this season of the year, to come and hide myself among the ice and snows of the Green Mountains. Well, it's a woman's whim! or, if that's not sufficient, a love for those same old mountains, (among which I have spent so many happy days in summer-time,) that has filled my heart with a desire to see them in their winter-dress.

'The hearty welcome I received from my friends up here more than repaid me for my long and tedious journey; and *Jack Frost*, not to be outdone in politeness, has put the mercury down twenty-eight degrees below zero in honor of my arrival? Well, what if he has? there's plenty of wood in these parts, and we build up such glorious fires these cold nights as set him completely at defiance; and with cheerful hearts and happy faces, a game of whist and a glass of whiskey-punch, the evenings are only too short for my liking. This is just the quietest little place imaginable, but not half odd and old-fashioned enough to suit me. The ladies are not more than a year behind the New-York fashions in their attire, and wear their dresses trailing on the ground, and their hats between their shoulders, pretty much in the same style our city-belles did last winter. The telegraphic rapidity with which a piece of news travels from one end of the town to the other is rather startling to the uninitiated, and the avidity with which they discuss a bit of village gossip is decidedly refreshing.

'The most exciting topic just at present at all social meetings, sewing-societies, tea-drinkings, and singing-schools, is the merits of a young doctor, who has lately made his appearance in our midst. He is an Englishman by birth, and, according to *his own* account, was educated at Oxford, where he graduated with high honors; he then studied medicine seven years, and surgery seven more; he has been engaged by QUEEN VICTORIA to go to the Crimea, and is now receiving fifteen dollars a day to retain him in her service until spring, when he is to return to England and receive the order of knighthood, before he joins the Allied armies.

'In the mean while, he is anxious to undertake the cure of all persons afflicted with diseases of the throat or lungs, practising upon what he maintains to be an *original* method, namely, inhalation; (I guess he don't take the *Home Journal*, and has not heard of Dr. HUNTER;) he asks a forty-dollar fee before he begins operations, and by way of inducing the young ladies to put themselves under his charge, he promises to marry them as soon as they are cured! Now, in order to throw some light upon the magical effect of that offer, I must just hint to you that there's not another beau in town! actually not a single man under sixty; so the Doctor has a fair field before him, and the fact that he confesses to having had at least two wives before, does not seem to render him any the less attractive in the eyes of the fair sex. How could they be expected to resist such united attractions?—a man under the especial favor of the QUEEN, about to be knighted, and says he owns six horses!

'Now, I almost fear you will be inclined to doubt my veracity when I indorse this for truth, that is to say, word for word, from his own lips; but what is more curious still, and goes to prove that 'facts are stranger than fiction,' is, that many ladies in the place have been persuaded to receive his advice, and are actually undergoing his steaming process. He seems to possess some potent spell, for all his patients are the most devout believers, not only in his skill, but his story, and are ready to take up arms in his defence on the slightest provocation. Vive la humbug!

On the other hand, there are those who think it strange that a person in the employ of QUEEN VICTORIA, and receiving fifteen dollars a day, should remain here in a little mountain-village, and that a physician of such skill, and who has made a discovery that will benefit the world, and render his name famous through future ages, should thus hide his light under a bushel. Well, time will decide and develop the mystery, and, in the meanwhile, each one may enjoy his own opinion. I was wrong in saying that the Doctor was the only beau in the place; because I have got one of my own! To be sure, he is over sixty, but what of that? I like him all the better for that, and I ought to know something about it, I who have counted my lovers as St. URSULA did her virgins, by the 'eleven thousand and upward;' and my experience goes to prove, that it is not more than one man in a thousand whose love is worth having. As for the rank and file, the God that made them has undoubtedly some use for them; no sensible woman can have; and even among those who are worthy of one's regard, the reason why they love, if one but stops to consider it, takes away all the enchantment! One loves you, because it gratifies his *self-love*. He mentally pats himself on the breast, and finds in his appreciation of you the largest evidence of exalted taste, and in your toleration of him, the best assurance of his eminent powers of attraction! Another loves you because he has nothing else to do to amuse his idle hours; he likes the excitement of the pursuit more than the object pursued; and many more begin with the caprice of fancy, and finally acquire a *habit* of loving, which, like other habits, they can't conveniently do without; so that while you are fancying yourself their 'star,' their 'rose,' or their 'jewel,' or some other precious wonder of the animal, vegetable, or mineral kingdom, you have the pleasure at last to discover that you are, after all, only one of their *bad habits*! Some men live upon a mixture of all these reasons, and more apply the name to the mere whim or caprice of the moment, evanescent and worthless as the morning fog. But there *are* men, few and rare though they be, whose love is not a mere dream or illusion. Men of cool brain and fiery heart, whose strong and polished intellect and iron will tell no tale to the world of the volcano of passionate emotion which they conceal. Such men love not at all, until they have burned the candle of human enjoyment at both ends long enough to understand how flickering is its light and how soon it burns away into ashes. Then, and not till then, the restless spirit seeks sympathy and intercourse with a kindred spirit, and happy the woman who can supply that need; for the love of such a man is, indeed, the star of his life, and through storm and through clouds it still endureth for ever. But I pray you pardon this digression. I started to tell you about my old beau up here, and have sadly wandered from my subject. I shall not attempt to describe him to you, for I know that all my efforts would be in vain. I should never be able to convey on paper any idea of the dear old originality. He has many oddities, eccentricities, and peculiarities; but the most odd, eccentric, and peculiar of them all, is the evident fancy he has taken to me! He is a Quaker by education; and though he does not wear the drab nor sport the broad brim, he yet retains many of their notions, and among others a great dislike to making civil speeches, and it is reported that he was never known to pay a lady a compliment in his life. I no sooner heard this than I determined he should pay *me* one, and I set about it in earnest. I did my prettiest and looked my prettiest; I laughed and talked nonsense by the hour. The old gentleman's eyes snapped; but I got no compliment. Perhaps he didn't like that style, so I tried another: looked demure, put my hair plainly back behind my ears, and actually laid aside a red-and-black plaid morning-dress, which is the pride of my

heart, to assume one of graver-colored and more subdued character. I think this had some effect; at all events, he called to see me that afternoon, and made himself very agreeable; but I noticed that while he was talking with me, his eye was constantly wandering to a basket of apples that had just been sent in by a friend, one of which was remarkable for its size and beauty.

'I saw the longing glances he cast upon it, and, thinks I to myself, now's my chance. So I rose from my seat, took up the apple, and advanced toward him.

'Is it not beautiful?' said I.

'Very,' said he, and extended his hand to receive it.

'Stop, my friend,' I interposed; 'if you want my apple you must pay me — a compliment!'

'The out-stretched hand was arrested; he took a step backward, and looked at me from head to foot, and then looked at the apple. Now, I have been surveyed many a time by impertinent dandies, through their eye-glasses, and cared not a straw what the result of that survey might be; but I felt as though life and death were at stake, as that calm old Quaker so deliberately scanned me. It was a trying moment of my life, I assure you; but, fortunately, the ordeal did not last long. The apple was irresistible, whatever I might be; so, with a heroic effort, and some hesitation, the old gentleman at last exclaimed, in a nervous sort of way, 'Well, I do think that you are just about the nicest kind of a little girl that could be got up easy!' Rather equivocal, to be sure; but, under the circumstances, I was forced to accept it, feeling perfectly convinced that I should never get another from that source. So I gave him his apple, and he went off delighted.

'I fear I need hope for no compliments from you, if I spin out this letter much longer, and should it not be correctly dated, I trust you will excuse it; for the truth is, I can't keep the days of the week, much less the days of the month, up, here. I usually find some one in the house who can set me right, but this morning I went from one to another in vain. One thought it was Wednesday, and another insisted upon its being Thursday; so, finally, I rushed to the kitchen in despair, and seeing the cook busy among her pots and pans, 'BIDDY,' said I, 'will you tell me what day of the week it is?' 'Faith, Ma'am, and I can't,' said BIDDY; 'I did think it to be Thursday, but SARAH (the chamber-maid) insists that it ought to be Friday, and though I've two almanacs, I can't kape the run of the time at all, at all.' I waited to hear no more, but shut the kitchen-door on the loquacious BIDDY and returned to my desk more at a loss than before. So you may put what date you like to this letter, Mr. KNICKERBOCKER, and I rather fancy you will wish that the mail-bag that brought it had got stuck in one of our mountain snow-drifts.

'Yours, most truly,

J. K. L.'

MR. J. R. SMITH'S PANORAMA OF EUROPE. — A tour in Europe for twenty-five cents! What do you think of that? The best panorama ever exhibited in this city is *Mr. J. R. Smith's Tour of Europe*, giving views of the large cities, important buildings, etc. The eruption of Mount Vesuvius, the Grotto of Antipares illuminated, and the city and fortifications of Sebastopol are striking scenes, which will arrest attention and claim universal admiration; the latter particularly, 'about this time.'

Ethics of Common-Sense.

IX.

'A BAD TRICK.

'MR QUINN tells of a troublesome fellow who had but one ear, the loss of which, if it did not bring him into disgrace, engendered a peculiar habit of mind which rendered his society not desirable. It was neither cut off by accident, nor by the drawn sword of some valiant PETER, nor bitten off by a pugilist, nor was its absence exacted by some penal law. It would have been well for his friends if it had been, or if he had been condemned to stand in the pillory, for then he would not have been admitted into the clubs. As it was, he was scarce tolerated, and if he had to be balloted for a second time, the black balls would have gone against him. Some of the cleverest fellows, whose misfortune it was to be associated with this person, detested him exceedingly, especially when he made one at a dinner-party. Yet he was worthy and respectable enough in all the relations of life—a good father, a kind friend, an excellent Christian. What of that, so long as he had but one ear! The stigma of being lop-sided clung to him, and his misfortune became his fault. It *was* his fault. No violent cropping of his auricular member had been accomplished. I will remark that he was born with two as well-modeled ears as any man need brag of, and they were as rosy as conch-shells, and one of them was continually twitching and pricked up. As for the other, by his own stupid want of——

'If he had lost both, and were beside deaf and dumb, his friends would not have minded it. He might have lost a leg or an arm, and might have moved about in society with as much grace as before. But this confounded defect spoiled the whole man. I do not say that his disposition was soured, that his temper was irascible, that he was a misanthrope, or that he had any very bad traits, but if there was any thing genial going on he was sure to come in in the nick of time and break it up by reason of the want of his ear. He had a perfect devil in that way. There are some who cannot entertain any body themselves, as, for instance, X and Y, who are at the fag-end of letters. There are A, B, and C, who will be as dumb as beetles if, by any accident, they happen to be seated around the same board. Nevertheless bring in X or Y among them and the whole four will wake up into the most cheering, chirping conversation imaginable, and blend together like so many kindred drops. This cropped friend of QUINN's was entirely different. He would neither entertain any one himself, nor allow others to be congenial. He would knock the whole alphabet into *p*, (as the printers say,) and all for the loss of his confounded ear. There was one member of the club who owed him an exceeding grudge. He was the author of a great many good things, and, in his peculiar way, was always on the look-out to do more, and took an honest pride in this sort of benevolence. When he was greeted with applause after some notable attempt in his way, his eye glistened, and serenity over-spread his ample brow, and a deep dimple was formed in his cheek. But he secretly charged this unfortunate fellow with having destroyed prematurely, or prevented, more 'good things' of his than he had ever accomplished, and of having done him irretrievable injury.

'When I say that the subject of this sketch had only one ear, let me not be understood as casting reproach on any mere physical deformity. Some pretty good

men, in trying times, have been so barbarously maimed, but as every one knew what occasioned the loss, and they could hear as well as ever, it was not like wearing any badge of dishonor, nor, indeed, half so bad as if their eye had been burned out with a hot iron. Their friends were as glad to see them as ever, and were the last ones to twit them with their misfortune. One of the best friends whom I have in the world, high-minded, honorable, warm-hearted, had the left lobe of his left ear, and afterward the whole ear, shot off in action; but it has never made any change in my feelings. He must be a brute who would sneer at such a thing. He is most fortunate who is only laughed at for misfortune.

'But the gist of the matter is, that this individual only listened to half what was said; that is what I mean by saying that he had only one ear. He inevitably lost the links and connections of the story or the narrative, and when it came to a point where appreciation was manifested, he could not rest satisfied until his loss was made up. 'True,' he would say, after a hurried rehearsal had been made to him, 'that part I missed: pretty good! pretty good!' Sometimes he would interrupt the speaker suddenly with, 'How's that? how's that? Just repeat that, if you please.' By the time that he could be gratified, the force of the wit was interrupted and lost. But his worst habit was to stop off the conversation just as it was gathering shape, and about to tell on some point, by upsetting the salt-cellar, and making the original remark that two persons, now pretty good friends, were about to fall out; or by asking a sudden question, and then saying, 'I was interrupting you; pray go on;' or, oftener still, in a very off-hand and easy way which he had, diverting the current so that it was not worth while to go back to the main source. On these accounts, DAWKINS, the wit, detested him like any thief. As he grew older, his habit of inattention increased. He assumed the privilege of being voluntarily deaf, and was like one of those inquisitive and afflicted, who, perceiving that the guests are having a good time, expects some benevolent person to keep him advised of what is going on, and to bellow with the lungs of a sea-captain through a tin trumpet. He would have been a stumbling-block in the way of SHERIDAN, and a terror to BUB DODDINGTON, and, as to any *impromptu* wit, or any elaborate piece of fun-work, he will knock it on the head so sure as he sits at the board. He deserves to be cropped of both ears.'

X.

ON READING A FRIEND TO SLEEP.

'To read your own compositions to a friend is objectionable enough. There is another foible, more amiable, because it does not smack so much of personal vanity. It has, however, an anodyne effect no less certain. B — has an excellent library, and what is more, has perused the most remarkable books in it, and remembers them with an unfortunate exactness. He is one who will read you to death out of standard authors. As for himself, he pretends to write nothing, but appreciates the works of others, and would be most invaluable to vain authors who want commendation; for he would treat them to whole pages of their own composition, and point out the elusive beauties which had escaped their own eyes. They would no doubt consider him the most charming companion in the world. There are half-a-dozen works which are great favorites with him, such as 'QUARLES' Emblems,' 'WILKIE'S Epigoniad,' and TOTTEN'S 'Tear-Drops,' in the quaint vein, for he loves quaint things. Fifty times at least I have heard him quote that remarkable saying of TUPPER, that if any one is to be married, the object of his adoration must be

now living, and it may be well to pray for her at once. Conversation seldom proceeds far before something common-place admits of being illustrated out of these authors. He rises from his seat, unlocks his mahogany book-case, selects his volume, turns over a few pages, comes to chapter and verse, and the infliction begins. The precious moments during which you have come to unbend with this worthy friend, who is himself, like a gilt-edged book, full of rare conceits, are sacrificed to QUARLES, and worse than lost in the proverbial dulness of TUPPER. Reading is a great amusement, and being read to is a favor not thrown away on the sick or the blind.

'It is related of POP EMMONS, the author of the 'FREDONIAD, in Fifty Books,' that he sent a copy to LAFAYETTE by the hands of a friend, and requested him to read the most remarkable passages to the General, in case that his English was forgotten. Whether he performed the promise, and if so, how long the nation's guest survived, is not known.'

XI.

'ON PLAYING THE PATRON ON A SMALL SCALE.

'It is distressing to see the dispenser of petty favors strut with the pomp of a notorious benefactor. This vulgarity is often the offspring of wealth without sentiment. Nothing requires more tact and delicacy than the bestowal of absolute gifts to those who stand in need of them. Paupers are of various grades, and have feelings, if not blunted by necessity, according to their several degrees. To the *lazzaroni* you throw a few coins, as you would bones to a supplicating dog, or thrust them out of the foot-path, and there is no violation of charity. They have the right of petition, and are enriched by the public with this great constitutional privilege. To the worthy suppliant at your door you give willingly the desired boon of crusts and cold victuals, and do well. No great study as to the mode is necessary. Then you come to others, higher up in the scale, to whom it is desirable to give in such a way that the burden of indebtedness may appear less. You will try to sink it altogether. The small patron, the moneyed vulgarian, exacts more for his two-penny favors than it is possible to repay, holding body and soul in pawn under the heavy pain and damning charge of ingratitude. If there is any thing galling to a noble mind, it is, by any accident, to be the abject subject of an inferior, whose gizzard (*Gluttonic* for soul) is in his pocket.'

A FLYING VISIT TO THE CAPITAL. — We made a flying trip to the State Capital the other day, to see how 'matters and things' were advancing in that ancient city of the old Dutch burgomasters. And verily, we had a most pleasant, although a too brief visit. Three memorable 'observances' we have particularly noted for 'enlargement' in our next number: an hour in the studio of PALMER, the first sculptor, in our belief, at this moment-living, certainly the best American sculptor that has ever taken moulding-tool or chisel in hand; secondly, a call upon our old friend and correspondent, STREET, (a man of genius, and of poetry and true love of nature 'all compact,') at the new and magnificent State Library; and thirdly, a most

interesting and prolonged visit to the Albany County Penitentiary, a model institution, acknowledged, in its kind, to be without a superior on this continent. Of all these places, and what we saw and heard there, we should have had 'our say' elaborately in the present number, but for potent and unavoidable reasons, elsewhere mentioned. We found, too late, that our space was exhausted.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — A metropolitan wag sends us the following '*Recipe for making Poems.*' It is a most labor-saving process, and he has entered 'specifications' for a patent. 'I believe,' he says, 'in the universality of genius. I am an extremely ultra Democrat, and think there should be perfect equality as well in the Republic of Mind as in that of politics. I am of opinion that when the true systems of each are made known, that the same minds may become equally proficient in mathematics and mythology, architecture and astronomy, ethics and engineering, logarithms and logic; may cultivate with equal success poetry and potatoes, painting and parsnips, metaphysics and musk-melons. Inextricably seized with this idea, I send you the following directions for the encouragement and instruction of aspirant fledglings in the art of '*making poetry.*'

'TAKE of moon-beams, one of each sort, such as silvery, pale, soft; any quantity of flowers, having at least one of each kind, with its appropriate adjective; the whole family of breezes, zephyrs, and winds; all sorts of seas and oceans, such as calm, grand, and terrific; all the ripples, rivulets, and rivers, dancing, purling, and rolling; all the different skies, gloomy, smiling, fair, and dark, including also the ethereal blues and ethers, and all the varieties of stars; mountains towering in solemn grandeur; hills commanding extensive landscapes; hill-sides reposing in quiet sun-light; forests stately and solemn; groves, cool and shady; green verdures, dotted with loving flocks; mountain fastnesses, wild, rocky, and ragged; scorching deserts; barren shores, with pirate's den and withered tree; the foud, enraptured kiss; the majestic ship breasting the mountain billows; the thrilling look that speaks the heart's emotion; the shock of contending masses in battle array; dulcet notes, rivalling angelic harmony; the thought-lined brow; the soaring eagle; woman's trusting love; the charger foaming with impatience; the wandering Arab; the vine-leaved lattice; eyes of every favorite color and expression; eye-brows arched or penciled; hair of every hue, except red; noses, excepting flat or twisted; roaring torrents; boundless prairies; the lovers meeting; Scylla and Charybdis; booming guns; all kinds of mouths, except pouting; gloomy cloisters; all varieties of lips, except hare-lip; dimpled chins; marble halls; rosy cheeks; the mazes of the dance; the mariner's beacon shining afar; the pale, intellectual forehead; the soft Italian lute; the plaintive guitar, and so to be continued *ad libitum*. Take all these ideas, mix them well together in your head, so that each sort and variety may combine by attraction with its appropriate congener; for instance, 'gloomy cloisters' with 'thought-lined brow;' 'pale moon-beams' with 'lovers meeting,' and 'enraptured kiss,' or with 'plaintive guitar' and 'marble halls.' Next determine upon the metre; and if in verse, be careful to have a noun or adjective of some expression in your list at the end of at least one line of a couplet. Next write out in plain prose, but as much condensed as possible, the 'raw material,' or subject-matter. Take the first few words of importance, and prefix or attach an appropriate expression from your list, arranging the different parts of speech, so as to make metre and sense. This will form the first line. The second one should be a noun or adjective on the first, of either fact, fiction, sentiment, or philosophy, and may contain an expression affirmative to that in the first line; or, if your ideas are prolific, or you are penny-afiling, or writing by the ream, it may be in linked sweetness long drawn out by extending it, with the requisite number of verbs, adverbs, and participles through the two following lines; but it is important to remember that a subject should be completed only at the end of a couplet. Continue thus through the whole poem, being careful to select the right expressions at the right time, as on your skill in doing this depends the

excellence of your poem; and if you have adhered strictly to the foregoing directions, it will not need revision, but is ready to be served up to the publisher at once, spiced and sauced with allusions to 'your valuable and popular journal,' and 'your highly successful efforts to please your

CONSTANT READERS.'

A lesson for poetical students! - - - FROM a review in the *London Quarterly*, of a new book called '*Clerical Economics*,' we clip the following, which is at least new to us. Speaking of tithes and the payment of Scottish clergymen, the reviewer quotes from the book thus:

'THE manner in which the stipend is paid is not only extremely troublesome, but mean and degrading to clerical character. Part is paid in money, part in meal, part in barley. There is often a loss, too, from the minister not being a judge of the grain; and if he be sharp-sighted, there is sometimes unavoidable wrangling between him and his parishioners. Take the following, as well known in the district where it happened:

'WILLIAM, you must bring me better grain; I can't sell it, it is so bad.'

'It is just what the land produces, Sir, and I have naething else to gi'e.'

'But then you are a bad farmer, WILLIAM; you must farm better.'

'Tut, Sir, tut, Sir; that's no civil. I'll no tak' aff your haun. I attend your kirk, and you gi'e us yoursel' just what the land produces, and I dinna fin' fault. I dinna tell you that you are a bad preacher, although ye tell me I am a bad farmer.'

'But, aiblins, gif I was to stap in to the burger-house, I might get baith bigger measure and the grain better dighted.'

'If ye'll caw the weak corn and cauf out o' your sermons, I'll put my corn ance mair through the fanners.'

And there, with deference, we think the honest farmer 'had him' completely, without 'labored argument.' - - - WE confess to no small admiration for the lucubrations of 'Professor JOHN PHOENIX, A.M.,' of California. He is a potent master of the broad burlesque, sometimes, perhaps, a little *too much* exaggerated. His specimen of a pictorial paper, in imitation of our eastern sheets in that kind, was a rich specimen of fun. So also was his description of an 'editorial difficulty' which he once had, wherein he so sadly discomfited an antagonist who attacked him, by getting his thumb firmly between his teeth, and pinioning his right hand to the 'form' on the press by means of entangling his (the Professor's) hair among the fingers of his right hand! The last thing from the 'Professor's pen' that we have seen, is a scientific article in the March number of our clever monthly contemporary, '*The Pioneer*' magazine, of San-Francisco. It is the '*Official Report of Professor John Phoenix, A.M., of a Military Survey and Reconnoissance of the route from San-Francisco to the Mission of Dolores, made with a view to ascertain the practicability of connecting those points by a Rail-road.*' If our rail-road readers — and 'their name is legion' — do n't laugh at the fun and satire of the report which we extract, we shall confess ourselves mistaken:

'It having been definitely determined that the great rail-road, connecting the city of San-Francisco with the head of navigation on Mission Creek, should be constructed

without unnecessary delay, a large appropriation (one hundred and twenty thousand dollars) was granted for the purpose of causing thorough military examinations to be made of the proposed routes. The routes which had principally attracted the attention of the public were 'the Northern,' following the line of Brannan-street; 'the Central,' through Folsom-street; and 'the extreme Southern,' passing over 'the Old Plank-road' to the Mission. Each of these proposed routes has many enthusiastic advocates; but 'the Central' was undoubtedly the favorite of the public, it being more extensively used by emigrants from San-Francisco to the Mission, and therefore more widely and favorably known than the others. It was to the examination of this route that the committee, feeling a confidence (eminently justified by the result of my labors) in my experience, judgment, and skill as a Military Engineer, appointed me on the first instant. Having notified the Honorable Body of my acceptance of the important trust confided to me, in a letter, wherein I also took occasion to congratulate them on the good judgment they had evinced, I drew from the Treasurer the amount (forty thousand dollars) appropriated for my peculiar route, and having invested it securely in loans at three per cent a month, (made, to avoid accident, in my own name) I proceeded to organize my party for the expedition.

'In a few days my arrangements were completed, and my scientific corps organized as follows:

'JOHN PHOENIX, A.M., . . .	Principal Engineer and Chief Astronomer.
'Lieut. MINUS ROOR, . . .	Apocryphal Engineers. First Assistant Astronomer.
'Lieut. NONPLUS A. ZERO, . . .	Hypercritical Engineers. Second Assistant Astronomer.
'DR. ABRAHAM DUNSHUNNER, . . .	Geologist.
'DR. TARGEE HEAVYSTERN, . . .	Naturalist.
'HERR VON DER WEEGATES, . . .	Botanist.
'DR. FOGY L. BIGGUNS, . . .	Ethnologist.
'DR. TUSHMAKER, . . .	Dentist.
'HENRY HALFPED JINKINS, R.A., . . .	} Draftsmen.
'ADOLPHE KRAUT.	
'HI FUN,	Interpreter.
'JAMES PHOENIX, (my elder brother,) . . .	Treasurer.
'JOSEPH PHOENIX, ditto.	Quarter-Master.
'WILLIAM PHOENIX, (younger brother,) . . .	Commissary.
'PETER PHOENIX, ditto.	Clerk.
'PAUL PHOENIX, (my cousin,)	Sutler.
'REUBEN PHOENIX, ditto.	Wagon-Master.
'RICHARD PHOENIX, (second cousin,) . . .	Assistant ditto.

'These gentlemen, with one hundred and eighty-four laborers employed as teamsters, chainmen, rodmen, etc., made up the party. For instruments, we had one large Transit Instrument, (eight-inch achromatic lens,) one Mural Circle, one Altitude and Azimuth Instrument, (these instruments were permanently set up in a mule-cart, which was backed into the plane of the true meridian, when required for use,) thirteen large Theodolites, thirteen small ditto, eight Transit Compasses, seventeen Sextants, thirty-four Artificial Horizons, one Sidereal Clock, and one hundred and eighty-four Solar Compasses. Each employée was furnished with a gold chronometer watch, and, by a singular mistake, a diamond pin and gold chain; for, directions having been given that they should be furnished with '*chains and pins*'—meaning, of course, such articles as are used in surveying—Lieut. Roor, whose 'zeal somewhat overran his discretion,' incontinently procured for each man the above-named articles of jewelry, by mistake.

'Every man was suitably armed with four of Colt's revolvers, a *MINIE* rifle, a copy of Col. BENTON's speech on the Pacific Rail-road, and a mountain-howitzer. These last-named heavy articles required each man to be furnished with a wheel-barrow for their transportation, which was accordingly done; and these vehicles proved of great service on the survey, in transporting not only the arms but the baggage of the party, as well as the plunder derived from the natives. A squadron of dragoons, numbering one hundred and fifty men, under Capt. McSPADDEN, had been detailed as an escort. They accordingly left about a week before us, and we heard of them occasionally on the march.

'On consulting with my assistants, I had determined to select, as a base for our operations, a line joining the summit of Telegraph Hill with the extremity of the wharf at Oakland, and two large iron thirty-two pounders were accordingly procured, and, at great expense, imbedded in the earth, one at each extremity of the line, to mark the initial points. On placing compasses over these points, to determine the bearing of the base, we were extremely perplexed by the unaccountable local attraction that prevailed, and were compelled, in consequence, to select a new position. This we finally concluded to adopt between Fort Point and Saucelito; but, on attempting to measure the base, we were deterred by the unexpected depth of the water intervening, which, to our surprise, was considerably over the chain-bearers' heads. Disliking to abandon our new line, which had been selected with much care and at great expense, I determined to employ in its measurement a reflecting instrument, used very successfully by the United States Coast Survey. I therefore directed my assistants to procure me a 'HELIOTROPE'; but after being annoyed by having brought to me successively a sweet-smelling shrub of that name, and a box of 'LUBIN'S Extract' to select from, it was finally ascertained that no such instrument could be procured in California. In this extremity I bethought myself of using as a substitute the flash of gunpowder. Wishing to satisfy myself of its practicability by an experiment, I placed Dr. DUNSHUNNER at a distance of forty paces from my Theodolite, with a flint-lock musket, carefully primed, and directed him to flash in the pan when I should wave my hand. Having covered the Doctor with the Theodolite, and by a movement of the tangent-screw placed the intersection of the cross-lines directly over the muzzle of the musket, I accordingly waved, when I was astounded by a tremendous report, a violent blow in the eye, and the instantaneous disappearance of the instrument.

'Observing Dr. DUNSHUNNER lying on his back in one direction, and my hat, which had been violently torn from my head, at about the same distance in another, I concluded that the musket had been accidentally loaded. Such proved to be the case; the marks of three buck-shot were found in my hat, and a shower of screws, broken lenses, and pieces of brass which shortly fell around us, told where the ball had struck, and bore fearful testimony to the accuracy of Dr. DUNSHUNNER's practice. Believing these experiments more curious than useful, I abandoned the use of the 'Heliotrope' or its substitutes, and determined to reverse the usual process, and arrive at the length of the base-line by subsequent triangulation. . . . We adopted an entirely new system of triangulation, which I am proud to claim (though I hope with becoming modesty) as my own invention. It simply consists in placing one leg of a tripod on the initial point, and opening out the other legs as far as possible; the distance between the legs is then measured by a two-foot rule, and noted down, and the tripod moved, so as to form a second triangle connected with the first, and so on until the country to be triangled has been entirely gone over. By using a large number of tripods, it is easily seen with what rapidity the work may be carried on; and this was, in fact, the object of my requisition for so large a number of solar compasses, the tripod being, in my opinion, the only useful portion of that absurd instrument. Having given Lieut. ROOR charge of the triangulation, and detached Mr. JINKINS with a small party on hydrographical duty, (to sound a man's well on the upper part of Dupont-street, and report thereon,) on the fifth of February I left the Plaza, with the *savans* and the remainder of my party, to commence the examination and survey of Kearney-street.

'Beside the mules drawing the cart which carried the transit-instrument, I had procured two fine pack-mules, each of which carried two barrels of ale for the draftsmen. Our *cortège* attracted much attention from the natives, and indeed our appearance was sufficiently imposing to excite interest even in less untutored minds than those of these barbarians. First came the cart bearing our instrument; then a cart containing Lieut. ZERO, with a level, with which he constantly noted the changes of grade that might occur; then, one hundred and fifty men, four abreast, armed to the teeth, each wheeling before him his personal property and a mountain-howitzer; then the *savans*, each with note-book and pencil, constantly jotting down some object of interest; (Dr.

TUSHMAKER was so zealous to do something that he pulled a tooth from an iron rake, standing near a stable-door, and was cursed therefor by the illiberal proprietor;) and finally, the Chief Professor, walking arm-in-arm with Dr. DUNSHUNNER, and gazing from side to side with an air of ineffable blandness and dignity, brought up the rear.

'I had made arrangements to measure the length of Kearney-street by two methods; first, by chaining its side-walks; and secondly, by a little instrument of my invention, called the 'Goitometer.' This last consists of a straight rod of brass, firmly strapped to a man's leg, and connected with a system of clock-work placed on his back, with which it performs, when he walks, the office of a *ballistic pendulum*. About one foot below the ornamental buttons on the man's back appears a dial-plate connected with the clock-work, on which is promptly registered by an index each step taken. Of course, the length of the step being known, the distance passed over in a day may be obtained by a very simple process.'

In this vein the 'Report' is kept up to the end, including the separate reports of the different members of the extensive 'operative corps. It is very rich. 'The survey,' we are told, 'was continued with unabated ardor until the evening of the tenth instant, when the corps had arrived opposite Mrs. FREEMAN'S 'American Eagle,' where they encamped. From this point a botanical party under Prof. WEEGATES was sent over the hills to the south and west for exploration. They returned on the eleventh, bringing a box of sardines, a tin can of preserved whortle-berries, and a bottle of whiskey, as specimens of the products of the country over which they had passed. They reported discovering, on the old plank-road, an inn or hostel kept by a native American Irishman, whose sign exhibited the harp of Ireland encircling the shield of the United States, with the mottoes:

'ERIN GO UNUM,
'E PLURIBUS BRAGH!'

On the fourteenth, the party arrived in good health and excellent spirits at the 'Nightingale,' Mission of Dolores.' - - - NOTHING that we could say would add to the reader's appreciation of the feeling and affection with which the ensuing lines are informed:

'To My Husband.

'I would be with thee!
To share thy joy and gladness,
To listen to thy voice of glee,
To chase away thy bosom's sadness,
By heartfelt sympathy;
To stay thee in thy sorrow,
To bid thee trust in God and me,
Ever to hope a brighter morrow
Will light thy destiny.

'I would be with thee!
When mingling with the gay,
Some simple strain shall mind thee
Of hours long passed away,
Hours worth years to thee.
And when thy silent tears,
As memory's tribute fall,
To the long-vanished years
Those magic tones recall.

'I would be with thee!
At the day's decline,

To watch thine eye's deep meaning,
 To clasp thy hand in mine,
 On thy fond bosom leaning;
 Or when, in foreign clime,
 At evening hour alone,
 The mournful vesper chime
 Calls back the absent one.

'I would be with thee!
 When weary and depressed,
 Left by the world alone.
 That precious head shall long to rest
 On the heart all thine own:
 In dark temptation's hour,
 To warn, to guard, to shield,
 By the resistless power
 Undying love can wield.

'I would be *ever* with thee!
 In sickness and in health;
 Through fortune good or ill,
 Content, in poverty or wealth,
 If thou did'st love me still.
 To counsel, to caress,
 To lead thee on toward heaven,
 Showing what power to bless
 To woman's hand is given.

'April, 1835.'

J. K. L.

WE hope, with some confidence, that it may not be considered wrong — having been detained in the metropolis by unavoidable 'professional avocations' beyond the steamer-hour on Saturday afternoon — that on the morning of Easter-Sunday we crossed, at six o'clock, to Hoboken, on our way to the humble Gothic cottage, on the western bank of the Tappaän-Zee, which, for the time being, we call our home. The day was lovely; a soft, half-warm April morning; a thin, pale haze over all the landscape, near and distant. As we rose the Weehawken heights, the *Great Metropolis* — not a five-mile *edging*, toward the Jersey shore, of the east bank of the Hudson, but the *American London*, that you looked not at 'aside,' but *down upon* and *into* — with all its steeples, domes, towers, turrets, cupolas, campaniles, and *all* the 'meeting-houses' of Brooklyn, the 'city of churches,' melting in the di-tance into the same vast mass — *New-York* — MANHATTAN! That was a noble and a memorable view; and then as we drove along, the spring birds were singing; 'blue-jay was a-sportink in the sun;' frogs were pouring out music on every side; clear, fresh brooks were running over green grassy beds; the road was dry and smooth; we had a rabbit in our carpet-bag for *one* 'little peop.' at home, and a dog (which, being earnestly pressed, would bark under his fore-paws) for another; and altogether, we thought that in admiring and *feeling* the works of the ALMIGHTY, spread around us, while a psalm of thanksgiving was in our heart, that we were at least not actually 'breaking' Easter-Sunday. - - - The publisher of the KNICKERBOCKER desires to state, that the delay in sending the numbers of our Magazine to those who subscribed through the *Cosmopolitan Art and Literary Association*, was caused by having to reprint all the early numbers. Our list increased much more than we anticipated; and after printing a large addition to the number of last year, we had to print one number over, and then another, so that we were obliged to delay sending off the last till

we could print a new supply of January, February, and March. If any subscriber has failed to receive either of these numbers, they will be sent at once, on application to the publisher. We learn that the COSMOPOLITAN ART AND LITERARY ASSOCIATION are making extensive arrangements for another distribution of works of art. POWERS has now ready to ship to them busts of WASHINGTON, FRANKLIN, and WEBSTER. The public in our large cities, we are informed, will have an opportunity to see these works of our great artist, before they go West. - - - We have heard of cool things, but never any thing cooler than the following: The landlord of a hotel at Whitehall called a boarder to him one day, and said: 'Look o' here! I want you to pay your board-bill, and you *must*. I've asked you for it often enough; and I tell you now, that you do n't leave my house till you pay it!' 'Good!' said his lodger; 'just put that in writing; make a regular agreement of it: I'll stay with you as long as I live!' - - - 'An actual fact,' and narrated, moreover, by a correspondent who tells a story better than any other man you can select out of the first five hundred you may chance to meet:

'HEARD a good story last night, over a glass of good hock, (the wine that 'Old SPRAKER,' of the Mohawk Valley, had 'a queer notion of,' if I remember you rightly.)

'I was stopping last summer,' said our host, 'at Cape-May. As usual, I was at HARWOOD'S, and of course my wife was with me.

'About two o'clock one morning, I was awakened by a *reveillé* tap from my better half. 'For gracious sake!' she whispered, 'if you want to laugh, just listen to that gentleman and his wife hunting a mouse in the next room!'

'*Ee-ee-aw!*' I murmured, half-awake.

'Now, do just wake up! To-morrow, when I tell the story, you'll be sorry that you was n't awake to the reality.'

'Thus adjured, I woke up in right earnest, too late to hear any of the mouse-hunt, but just in time to hear the next room-door opened, and a little quavering, dandy voice, (which I at once recognized as that of PRINKEY,) call out to some distant night-walker:

'*Wai-taw!* — *wai-taw!* — WAI-TAW!'

('No answer.)

'*Po-taw!* — *po-taw!* — PO-TAW!'

('No answer.)

'*Watch-man!* — *watch-man!* — WATCH-MAN!'

'That's me, Sir,' growled a deep voice.

'Watch-man, come here *divewctly!* We're in gwate twubble! There's a mouse in this apawtment, and it nibbles awound in the most distwackted manner. I spoke to Mr. HA'WOOD about it, and he pwomised to have the mouse wemoved, but he has n't done it. Aw think it *vevy unhandsome* conduct of Mr. HA'WOOD to allow the mouse to wemain, after pwomising that it should be wemoved. Watch-man, Mrs. PWINKEY is vewy appwrehensive of mice. Can't *you* come in and catch the cweature?'

'Fraid not, Sir. It's too late, and I should be sure to wake up some boarders as might n't like it.'

'How widickulous! Well, (*a long pause*), watch-man, could n't you just step

down to the baw-woom, and get some cwackers and cheese, and entice the animal out into the entwy ?'

'A brief remark from the watch-man that the bar was closed, sent Mr. PRINKEY back into his mouse-haunted dormitory. Fortunately the 'cweature' ceased its nibbling, and a dead calm soon reigned over that portion of friend HARWOOD's 'college' known as the 'New Building.'''

A manly 'keind' of person that! - - - Our publisher, who has lived on bran-bread and saw-dust for seven years, is 'posted up' on the Water-Cure generally, and wishes us to say that the establishment where they cure every thing, at South-Orange, New-Jersey, is one of the best in the country. The house was built expressly for this business, is large and commodious, and is now kept in the best manner by Dr. WELLINGTON, of this city. The walks up the mountain and the view from the summit form one of the chief attractions, and are unsurpassed in beauty by any in this or any neighboring vicinity. - - - WE go to press early, to secure the transmission of our large and increasing California edition by the steamer of the twentieth of each month; and hence it is that we are compelled to omit a notice which we had prepared of the proceedings at our late *Delta-Phi Convention*. But let our friends, the 'Delts' of the Pacific, be assured that there was 'a good time,' of which they will hear more hereafter. - - - MESSRS. DUNNIGAN AND BROTHER have issued a well-executed and well-illustrated volume, entitled, '*Catholic Missions among the Indian Tribes of America*.' The author of this work, J. G. SHEA, is already favorably known to the literary public. The volume will be welcomed as supplying an important *desideratum*. The general reader, apart from any distinctive religious opinion, cannot fail to applaud the noble spirit of self-sacrifice which actuated the true heroes whose labors are narrated in this book, in bringing the symbols of Man's redemption, and in teaching the children of the forest this great lesson: to 'Know CHRIST, and HIM crucified.' How much do we owe, which we ought never to forget, to these early benefactors, *Pioneers of Christianity* in this our Western Hemisphere! The facts here industriously collected and simply narrated, are arranged with judicious care; and we cannot doubt that the book will be welcomed as a valuable addition to our historical records of those who have labored so assiduously and so well for the welfare of those 'children of Nature' whom we white men' have supplanted. - - - MR. DEWEY, an enterprising publisher of Rochester, has published, in a small volume, a work of great value, entitled '*Native and Alien, or the Naturalization Laws of the United States*,' from the foundation of the government, including those repealed as well as those in force. It is entirely free from any partisan character, and in price is placed within the reach of all. - - - No number of the KNICKERBOCKER has appeared for two years from which so much, in our own several departments, has been 'left out' as the present. Our readers will see the reasons: extended literary notices; liberal communications; notice of the National Academy, etc., etc. It will 'all be right' next month, let us hope, when our over-standing pages shall appear.

MUSICAL. — For the first time since the departure of GRISI and MARIO, there has been a *furor* at the Academy in Fourteenth-street. The production of ROSSINI's 'William Tell' was the cause of this agreeable catastrophe. Parquette, dress-circle, first and second tier, to the confines of the 'remote, unfriendly' amphitheatre, have been crowded. At the time of writing, (sixth performance,) there has been but a slight falling off, and there seems a good prospect that the attendance will continue profitable for a week or two longer. We are glad to record this success. The gentlemen who now have the management of the Academy deserve encouragement. They are not groveling speculators; they are not Jews; but sober, Christian gentlemen, who love art for art's sake, and hope to see music enthroned in the esteem of the people. The Academy is, as it should be, a perfectly democratic opera-house. The prices range from a dollar down to twenty-five cents, on the hotel principle — the higher you go the lower the rent. A double company has been engaged, numbering, with chorus and orchestra, upwards of one hundred and fifty persons. The leading members are Mesdames STEFFENONE, BERTUCCA-MARETZEK, VESTVALI, MESSRS. BOLCIONI, BRIGNOLI, BADIALI, COLLETTI, etc.

'William Tell' is one of those immoderately long operas of which the French school is so prolific. It was the parent of its kind, and a noble parent too. The success of such a massive work depends entirely on the excellence of the *ensembles*, and these can only be attempted by a powerful company, and in a large house. It has never been efficiently done in this country until now. A glance at the cast will assure our readers of this fact. The *role* of the hero is, of course, the leading one. It has been intrusted to that old favorite, Signor BADIALI, a gentleman who acts with the vigor of a ROSCIUS, and sings with the uncompromising determination of the elder LABLACHE. Time and hard work have somewhat impaired the quality of Signor BADIALI's voice, but the quantity is still there. His 'William Tell' was unquestionably a successful interpretation, the more creditable as the character of the music is entirely out of his line. Signor BOLCIONI — who, it will be remembered, made his *debut* in VERDI's 'Rigoletto' — possesses the voice and the method for French opera. He is a most robust *tenore robusto*, and can bring out his B natural from the chest in a manner calculated to make the groundlings wink. This note (which, æsthetically considered, bears a striking resemblance to the steam-whistle of a new locomotive) is heard to good advantage in the trio of the second act. Signor BOLCIONI is undoubtedly a fine singer, but the occasional harshness of his voice needs softening by practice. He has improved vastly since the night of his *debut*, and particularly since the production of this opera, in which he plays 'Arnoldi.' Of the two female *roles* we need say nothing; firstly, because they are slight in themselves, and, secondly, because the ladies who sustain them are too well known to need commendation. We refer to Mesdames STEFFENONE and MARETZEK.

In conclusion, we commend this opera, and the Academy itself, to the attention of our readers. The entertainments are good, the scenery exceedingly fine, and artists equal to any emergency.

THE NEW STEAMER 'COMMONWEALTH.'—If there are any who doubt that we are a 'fast people,' we would ask them to contrast the facilities the travelling public now enjoy with those afforded only twenty years ago. At that time there was but one line from New-York to Boston, by the way of Providence, and about that time the rail from Providence to Boston was completed, which was one of the first railways finished in Massachusetts. Every one who reads the papers knows that now there are *five* lines between New-York and Boston every day. All these added means of intercommunication are subjects of special interest to every one who has ever made the trip, who expects ever to do so, or who has any relatives or friends whose visits to him are made more easy and pleasant by these ever-increasing facilities. The money received by the various companies, and the dividends they make, can be explicitly stated in their annual reports; but where shall we find the man or set of men who can compute the moral influences these railroads and steamboats are producing upon the moving multitudes that throng and sustain them? The subject is one that may well employ the thoughts of the philanthropist; for the effect upon our restless population must be very great.

The opening of a new line of railroad, the establishment of a new line of steamships, or the addition of a new and costly steamboat on an established route is an event of no ordinary importance. It does and should engage the attention of the travelling public from Maine to California. The size of the rooms, the berths, the fare, the speed, and, above all, the strength and provisions for safety, are subjects of concern to all; for they expect sooner or later that they and those nearest and dearest to them will make this structure their *home* for the time being, and where at the best they do not feel that security from danger they do in their own dwellings. In some of the floating castles which daily convey thousands to and from our great metropolis, we think the *eye* has been gratified at an expense which might more appropriately have been bestowed to secure strength and safety.

The new and elegant steamer 'COMMONWEALTH,' just finished, and placed on the Norwich and Worcester route to Boston, combines, in a manner never before presented to our people, the greatest strength with all the beauty and grace of ornament, the most fastidious taste could require. This fine vessel is three hundred and thirty feet long, has forty feet breadth of beam, and about fourteen feet depth of hold. She is propelled by a single beam-engine of seventy-six inches' cylinder, and twelve-feet stroke. The furniture and interior decorations are all of modern construction, and are in the best taste. There are one hundred and twenty-five state-rooms, many of which are large family rooms; and, in all, they can furnish as good beds as the St. NICHOLAS or the ASTOR, to six hundred people. The provisions for safety, in case of accident, are eight of FRANCIS's life-boats, six hundred pairs of life-preservers, and one hundred and fifty life-preserving seats. The cost of the boat is not less than \$250,000.

Judge WHITE, President of the Norwich and Worcester Railroad, informed the company, who recently made an excursion to Boston on the 'Commonwealth,' that arrangements had been completed by his Company to connect *directly* with roads farther east, so that passengers by this route can go from ALLEN's Point to Portland, Maine, without change of cars. There is no part of New-England which is not easily reached by railroad from Worcester, as will be readily seen, when it is known that not less than two thousand miles of railway connect with roads leading to that city.

Our space will not allow us to give a particular account of the late excursion, of the resolutions passed, and the eloquent remarks which the occasion called forth, all of which afforded great pleasure to those present. We therefore conclude, by commending the 'Commonwealth' to the public, assuring them they will find in her, and the attentions of her gentlemanly officers, no small share of that security, comfort, and happiness, which we all enjoy in the various COMMONWEALTHS which compose, and which we trust will ever compose, our indissoluble UNION.